

Things in General

THIRTY dollars may not be a large sum to a good many people, but there are others to whom it is a whole lot. If you have a good income, pay your servants good wages, meet your obligations, and live up to the spirit and the letter of your contracts, you need fear no pang of conscience or censure of others if you choose to pay fancy prices for a luxury or even for good-will. But if you are existing by reason of the tolerance of your fellow-citizens, if you boldly and repeatedly break your solemn undertakings, and continually beg off from paying the penalty of your unreliability, the squandering of so insignificant a sum as thirty dollars, even, is clearly reprehensible. Anything injurious is always luxurious. If you chop your enemy up with an axe, puncture him with a leaden pellet, insert quantities of steel between his ribs, destroy his digestion by administering illegal doses of Prussic acid and other unwholesome preparations, or exalt him above his fellows by means of dynamite and similar stimulants, you have indulged in a luxury. The personal inconvenience that will inevitably follow your indulgence definitely classifies your act. If your breakfast has no charm, if your articulation sounds like a whisper through a muff, if your hand chuckles inaudibly as you raise your coffee to your lips, if those dark patent medicine spots float before your eyes, if you are firmly convinced that your head belongs to someone else and you think you remember the change being made, you can safely conclude that you have recently indulged in a luxury. Expert evidence is frequently employed in losing lawsuits, and from its general hoodooishness it has come to be classified as a luxury. Expert opinion comes under the same head. If it didn't bring such a train of ill luck in its wake it might rank as a necessity. But almost invariably the effects of even a small dose of this dope will be disastrous. I have in mind that thirty dollars' worth of car-washing wisdom that the Toronto Railway Company recently purchased from one Michael Daly, an expert whose time is valuable—one dollar and eighty cents a day or thirty dollars an hour. I don't know whether the cars were any better washed as a result of Mr. Daly's calculations in hydraulics, but the mere fact that the company paid over the thirty dollars showed luxurious intent, and consequently calamity speedily followed. It would not be altogether unreasonable to believe that this whole civic investigation has resulted from that paltry thirty dollar purchase. So long as Mr. Moore was satisfied with paying Daly for cleaning the cars, everything was all right—Toronto blundered through somehow after the people slept peacefully at night, blissfully ignorant of the methods by which mayors and aldermen attained office. Then Mr. Daly was asked to think. Thinking is high-class work. It can be effected only by the destruction of brain tissue—and the available supply of brain tissue in car-washers is strictly limited. Thinking is often painful, as the street railway people doubtless know; consequently it should be well paid. And then there was the hour of Mr. Daly's conversation—the expression of his thoughts in words. Mr. Daly's opinions on political economy as applied to municipal government were not, I presume, paid for. But even without them, surely Mr. Moore got some value for his money. It was not overpaying that brought the railway people to grief; it was their purchasing of expert opinion that hoodooed them. Look at the trouble that that miserable thirty dollars has caused already. Think of the annoyance it may be responsible for in the future! It is safe to say that they would rather have paid sixty dollars than have all this fuss and talk about things. People do so love gossip and speculation. One can never tell what they will think of next. Already there are those who are prying around and hinting and wondering whether any of the other railway employees were consulted on dusting as a fine art, modern car windows as compared with the work of the glass-blowers of ancient Venice, snow-shovelling as an exercise, the hanging of theater signs on rear platforms, will and assist the wheels in gripping the rails, and other interesting subjects for essays. I dare say the Railway Company will be quite annoyed before the whole affair blows over. But it is largely their own fault. They should have been content to spend their money in trying to live up to their agreement to supply the city with a proper car service, instead of blowing it in on luxuries.

LORD ALVERSTONE should have an opportunity to re-establish his reputation as a man of at least ordinary backbone or strength of character. It was no more than was to be expected of poor, weak, human nature that his lordship should succumb to the smoothness of the "three eminent jurists of repute" and the overwhelming English precedent for giving Canada the worst of it. No doubt he has seen his error long before this, but noblesse oblige made it impossible that he should acknowledge his weakness. Nevertheless, he would welcome the chance of squaring himself. In the Hudson's Bay, or Maclean Sea, difficulty lies his opportunity. Our Yankee friends, encouraged by their recent successes in carrying all before them in Alaska and Panama, are putting up a great howl over their "rights" in the Canadian inland sea. According to the latest Yankee dictionaries, "rights," when qualified by the adjective "American," becomes a synonym of "advantage," "profit," and "aim." According to Canadian ideas, the rights of the United States in Hudson's Bay are similar to their rights in Lake Winnipeg. By the convention of 1818 Yankee fishermen were granted the privilege of fishing along the coast of Labrador and northward indefinitely. To reach Hudson's Bay, Maine fishing-boats would only have to put a magnet on the right-hand side of their compass and sail between one thousand and one thousand five hundred miles into Canadian territory. Maine compasses have for a number of years been equipped with this special right-hand magnet. And here is where the trouble rises. Canadians have the notion that a compass that is so unreliable should be discarded. But the Yankees object. Their peculiar style of compass suits them perfectly—it divides them safely into bays and harbors now, where cod, halibut, haddock, and other children of the sea with which Professor Loeb has not yet conducted experiments, nibble at the pond lilies and await capture. Whales spout their temptation in both the straits and bays, while on the coasts reindeer, and other fleet-footed animals, gambol in the back yard of Mr. Maclean's summer cottage. The whole place is attractive and valuable, and as it unquestionably belongs to Canada foreigners should be permitted to make use of it only as foreigners. Privileges equal to those that Canadians enjoy in Lake Michigan should be granted to our neighbors, but no more. The matter should be definitely settled, and at once. The longer Canada refrains from asserting and exercising her full authority, the more difficult will it be for her to enforce her rights. Even if Lord Alverstone should not be given the job of settling the dispute—and I protest that he should have a chance to get even—a clear understanding as to the ownership of the sea should be furnished to the rest of the world, that is if Canada has any desire to deserve the respect of nations. That the United States should question our proprietorship and her citizens coolly help themselves to our goods, is humiliating. Soon they will cease to be content with our whaling and fish and will start to trespass on private property. Mr. Maclean's stable of reindeer will not be safe without an armed guard.

CANADIANS are sometimes slow. The most recent example of the manner in which Canadians let the grass grow under their feet where Yankees and Englishmen are digging in and coining money has been brought out by the Russo-Jap war which the newspapers are conducting somewhere in the Orient. Long before hostilities had even been reported, and therefore very long before they had actually started, English and Yankee photographers whose regular businesses had not been prosperously appreciated the opportunity of furnishing war pictures to the press of two continents. No more waiting and watching for moon-struck 'Arrys and 'Arris for them. War pictures were the order of the day—and war pictures they would take. No photograph studio is so modern that it lacks three or four "Mikado" and "Mandarin" scenes before which ladies of a certain uncertain age, with a weak-

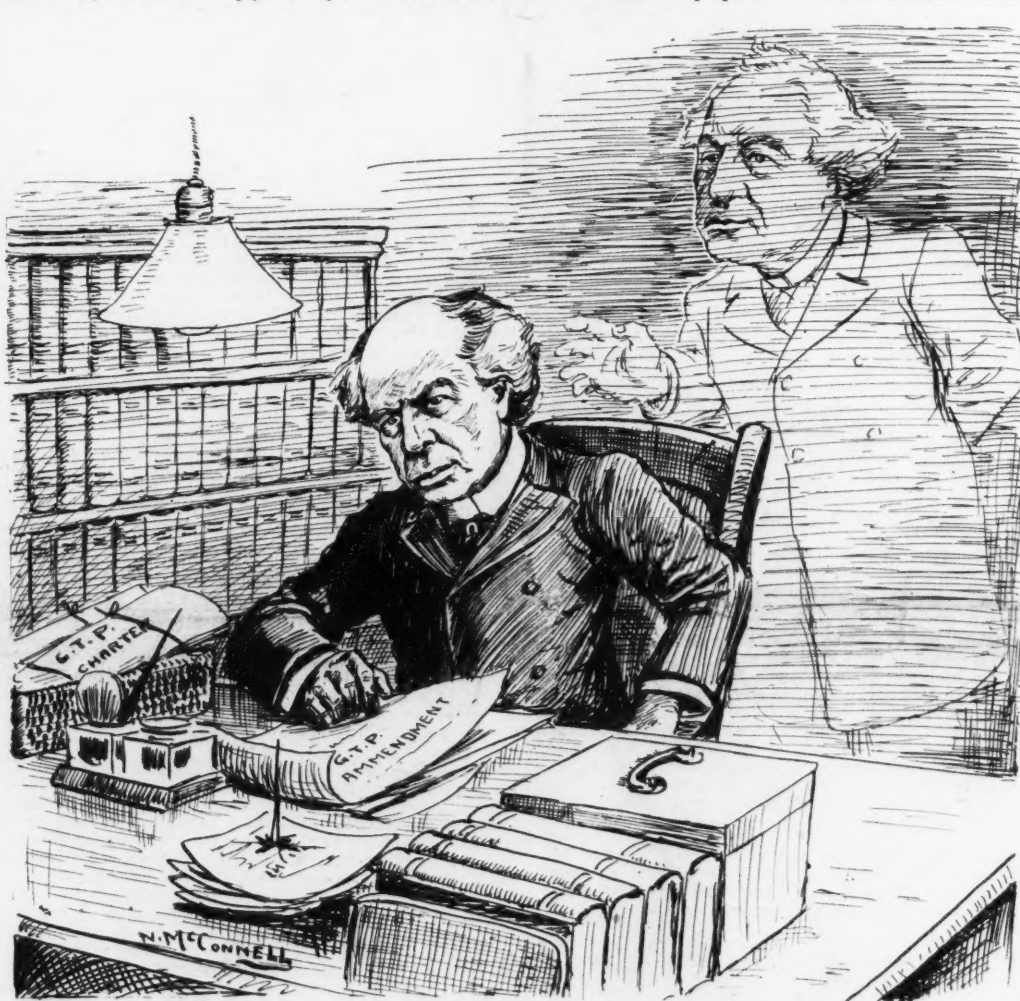
ness for "comic" opera matinees, may pose as coquettish "Geisha" girls. Out came these old distempers and the photographers whose businesses had hitherto permitted them to wait for sunny days had to install electric lights if they would keep up with their orders. The results of their labors we see in the daily papers. The merest suggestion of a Japanese hen-coop and a few paper fans stuck on the canvas will produce most astonishing results. "Street Scene in Tokio," it is labelled, and five thousand copies of the picture appear in as many newspapers within a week. The scene is then turned upside down, a Japanese tea-pot set up close to the camera, and "Japanese Imperial Arsenal" results. Another canvas, having three badly warped roofs supported by bamboo poles, is stuck up—and, lo, "Chemulpo" appears. The Chinese laundryman, whose account is something in arrears, is now brought in and made to carry his clothes-basket in front of the distemper roofs. Snap! "Chinese Coolies Driven by their Russian Masters" arouses popular indignation a week later. Of course there is only one "coolie" visible, and no Russian, but where the imagination is called on for so much, this is a mere trifle. The Chinaman is then put into his basket, persuaded to blow from its depths a mouthful of spray, in his own inimitable manner—and "Chinese Junk Blown Up in Port Arthur Harbor by Japanese Torpedo" gives the reading public a terrible insight into the horrors of war. The possibilities of the laundryman are unlimited. With a coal scuttle he is "Chinese Ammunition Carrier Impressed by the Russians." With a crowbar he is "Japanese Officer Disguised as Coolie, Attempting to Wreck a Russian Bridge." Turn a chopping-bowl upside down on his head and he becomes "Korean Mourner in the Streets of Seoul." His tools may also be put to an almost unlimited number of uses. His clothes-basket, besides serving for the blown-up junk, may be "A Fort at Port

mistakably that, in spite of her discomfort by Japan, she prefers her own kindred to the great European nation that has gobbled Manchuria and is ready for a further course of Chinese delicacies. Many interesting things would happen if Germany should be moved to go to the assistance of Russia, although, in the forecast of possible active allies, France is spoken of as the nation most likely to become involved as Russia's helper. If the Japanese were opposed by two European nations, England would perforce move to the fighting line, and then might be seen the strange spectacle of France and Germany (in spite of Strasburg and Sedan) fighting side by side. The San Francisco "Argonaut," commenting upon such a contingency, and the probable course of the United States, declares:

"At such a moment—should it unhappily come—this country would be the arbiter of destiny upon the sea. Should the United States remain strictly neutral, refusing to be drawn into the conflict by any provocation whatsoever, it is mathematically probable that England and her ally would meet defeat on the sea at the hands of Russia and her allies. How strong would be the feeling in this country that we should not let a nation of the same race and language meet defeat at the hands of Russia and her allies, Germany and France, is the interesting question."

The "same race and language" would probably not cut a large figure in the question. While England and the United States are in the habit of using the convenient compound, "Anglo-Saxon" to define their racial peculiarities, the English cannot accurately be called Anglo-Saxon, Tennyson, coming nearer the mark when he says:

"For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
Teuton or Celt or whatever we be."
Much less can the people of the United States be correctly



BEEN THERE HIMSELF.

Shade of Sir John A.—"Building a trans-continental railroad is no joke, Sir Wilfrid."

Arthur." "The Japanese Sacred Mountain of Fujiyama," or "One of the Russian Mines in Port Arthur Harbor." Detach the handle from a flat-iron and any unit of the rival fleets may be reproduced at pleasure. In reality, the only essentials of Oriental war pictures are lots of skyline and a very coarse engraving screen; the warped roofs and hen-coops assist by lending local color; something slightly suggesting the subject of the picture should, if the artist be fastidious, be in the foreground; but just a skyline and the coarse green will find a ready market, as a glance at any up-to-date newspaper will convince you. Why, when such a market exists, do not Canadians waken up and supply the demand for at least the local press? Yankee news agencies, representing Yankee photographers, are reaping a rich harvest right under the noses of local men quite as competent to supply the demand. Talk of protection! What is the use of protection if Canadians show no desire to supply the wants of their own country, but must needs buy their goods from foreigners or go without? Unquestionably, the Canadian is slow.

IN these days of municipal mendacity, when it is considered quite the proper thing for any city to go about with the hat supplicating the Yankee plutocrat to drop therein a library or an opera house for the production of weird things from Wagner, it is comforting to observe the action of the city of Baltimore, which has recently suffered from a conflagration severe enough to dismay any community. But with commendable pluck the biggest town in Maryland has set its architects to work, and with still more commendable independence has decided not only to refrain from soliciting, but actually to persist in refusing aid from outside. This action is so unusual that it is exciting comment from the press of every State in the Union, and is well worth the notice and imitation of every city in Canada, for we also have been sinners in the matter of taking up a collection whenever we felt the need of a little reading matter or whenever our lumber yards went up in smoke. It is just as well that the independence of Baltimore should be widely advertised, for such a spirit may prove contagious, although it is sufficiently humiliating to consider the circumstances from which arise the surprise and congratulation. We are so accustomed to the begging system that when a municipality shows a self-reliance that would be mere manliness and respectability in the individual, the admiration of a whole continent is excited thereby. It has been stated that the fire with which Baltimore celebrated the New Year may have been an actual benefit, as rebuilding was sadly needed in the business part of the city; but the disaster will prove a blessing, indeed, if other cities suffering from similar misfortune will be moved to say, "this is our affair, and we can pay our own bills, thank you."

WHILE the war between the forces of the Czar and the Mikado has so far remained an Eastern affair, there is little question that its interest for the British Empire and the United States lies mainly in the fear or expectation that, at any moment, European and American interests may become directly involved. China has shown un-

classified by such a popular misnomer. So the "same race and language element" may go. The average United Stateser would have no objection, from the sentimental side of things, to seeing the Russian navy send England's men-of-war to Davy Jones's locker. But Uncle Sam has intensely keen vision when it is important that he should see on which side his bread is thickly buttered, and there is no question that England's trade policy in the East would be far more likely to supply Uncle Sam's loaf with the useful product of the dairy than would the policy of Russia. Wherefore, the United States, at the critical moment when it becomes "arbiter of destiny upon the sea," might recollect not only the Pilgrim Fathers and the "common language," but the sordid commercial aspect of the struggle and send Admiral George Dewey to the assistance of Lord Charles Beresford, should that worthy nobleman be in the painful act of being attacked. However, it is to be hoped that before the arbiter role is necessary, Russia will have become impressed with the Oriental fitness of things and will leave Korea to be managed by her Asiatic neighbors.

MANY queer things have been done by Grand Trunk trains during the last three months, but the outrages inflicted on the traveling public culminated last week in a scene as dramatic as it was humiliating, when the express from North Bay took a header through the gates of the Central Prison and landed a load of surprised and sleepy passengers within the walls of that excellently-managed institution. The warden and guards proved equal to the emergency, the former, in words that were fit and few, expressing regret that he could not afford accommodation for all the guests who had thus been thrust upon him. Not only were the gates smashed and part of a brick wall summarily disposed of, but the feelings of the passengers were lacerated by the shock of being taken in charge by officials of the said institution. It has been pointed out more than once during the last few weeks of storm and delay that a journey on the Grand Trunk Railway means an increase of influenza and profanity, but a more serious danger, it seems, is now threatening our innocent and much-tried citizens. The fact that an unoffending passenger may leave North Bay for Toronto, full of high hopes for a peaceful trip, only to awake within the walls of the Central Prison, shows whither our railway systems are tending. That the train was three hours late is but a trivial circumstance in comparison with the nervous shock suffered by timid passengers who were rudely disturbed by crashing gates, falling bricks and the gaze of startled convicts, who failed to avail themselves of the traveling facilities thus suddenly offered. The officials, as a matter of conscience, made strict search under the seats and in coal boxes for such of their charges as might be tempted by the prospect of a little trip by rail. But the convicts were wise in their day and generation, preferring the steady employment and comfortable if limited quarters of the Central Prison to the trials and uncertainties of a carriage on the Grand Trunk road, thus proving themselves persons of taste and discernment, who have the grace to know when they are well off. However, industrial institutions have a right to some privacy and the warden may find it neces-

sary to place some of these above the prison portals; "Express trains don't observe an orderly route through the park. Passengers are positively forbidden to pick the flowers." Fortunately no one was injured, although "the guard on the wall was made uncomfortable" while the locomotive was forcing its way through the bricks. The path of a prison guard is not exactly strewn with primroses, but I am compelled to admit that it is entirely unfair to expect gentlemen of this profession to confront express trains with friendliness and equanimity.

IT doesn't take much to set a civilized nation celebrating and telling each honored guest of the evening that he is a jolly good fellow and that it would be perfectly absurd under the circumstances to go home before morning. Across the border during the last two months, the anniversary of Lincoln's and of Washington's birthday gave occasion for much praise of these heroes and much weariness to the diners, in the form of patriotic speeches. If ever a man has suffered at the hands of his injudicious friends, it is George Washington. He has been pictured as a puling little prig whom every human child must hate, and the color has been well-nigh washed from a character that was, really, robust and manly. As a soldier, Washington hardly stands among the world's greatest, since he was nearly always unsuccessful in attack and showed an especial genius for the waiting game. Marlborough, to say nothing of Napoleon, went away ahead of George the First of the White House. It was, rather, in the chaotic days after the free and equal States began to settle down and send the "loyalists" about their business, that Washington's administrative power showed its real scope and strength. He remained singularly an Englishman—of the Hampton type, with a touch of the Southern aristocrat. He would be as ill at ease as the Earl of Chatham himself in the modern republic of trusts and combines. Lincoln is much closer to the popular idea of the United States' leader—a man of the working-people, rugged, shrewd, uncouth, with a strength that was undimmed when confronted by the bloodiest war of the last century—a man of cool head, steady hand and, withal, of kindly heart. -- is poor work to prophesy—most of us will not be alive a hundred years from now, unless it may be a stray senator or so. But, in the year 2004 Lincoln banquets may yet be held, for, to borrow Carlyle's estimate of Scott, there was no sounder piece of American manhood put together in the nineteenth century than Abraham Lincoln.

IT is bad enough to have a street car service so bad that it gives us the strapholder's arm, the strapholder's shoulder and the strapholder's knee without our discovering that it is damaging us spiritually as well as physically, but it is to be feared such is the case. Observers say that more women have to stand in the cars now than formerly. Many men have given up the habit of rising and giving up their seats unless the lady in the case happens to be better-looking than usual. Some of them sit there brazenly, some sit shamefacedly, some resort to subterfuge, and burying their noses in their papers refuse to see. But in any case the result is the same, the women have to stand and chivalry goes away back somewhere and smokes on the rear platform. Probably the man who sits while the woman stands reasons it out this way: "I paid for my seat and I got it; that woman there paid for a seat and didn't get it, but that's the fault of the company." And so, as is humanity's custom, having shifted the moral obligation on to the broad shoulders of a soulless corporation, he goes on reading his paper. It may be that we either reason it out or not, but it is a little incident that occurred on a Bloor and McCaul car the other day, may serve for an illustration. A workingman who had evidently been celebrating some event climbed aboard the car and wedged himself inside the door. He stood a while in silence and then he burst out: "Why don't some of you women get up and give the men seats? Look at them. All the men standing and all the women sitting. These are hard-working men and they're all tired. Why don't you get up?" But his appeal fell on deaf ears, for not a woman rose.

THE union plumbers of the city, it seems, are after a raise in pay, and are asking that their wages be increased from the 35 to 37½ cents an hour rate that now prevails to a flat rate of 40 cents an hour. The thing about this that will probably strike the average householder first is the trivial nature of the increase asked. Why are the working plumbers so moderate and what difference does it make to the employing plumbers anyway? The employing plumber now pays his workman with a helper 35 to 37½ cents an hour and charges the householder whose pipes are to be fixed or who leaks 60 cents. What is to prevent him raising his employee's wages to 50, 60, 75 cents an hour in order to make him feel pleasant, and raising his own charges to \$1 an hour? Why is he so modest? If a housekeeper's taps leak or his pipes freeze up he has got to have them fixed if it costs a dollar a minute and he has to have a plumber to do it. He couldn't hire a blacksmith or a coal heaver to do it, though they may be just as capable of tracking mud through the house, perfuming his premises with their tobacco pipes, and making the regulation amount of muss as a plumber, because the union rules wouldn't allow it. There is only one explanation and that is that the much maligned plumber is not the daylight robber the para-graphers make him out to be, but a philanthropist, for that is the only kind of an individual in these days of "charging all that the traffic will bear" who doesn't do it.

CITY HEALTH OFFICER SHEARD doesn't think that the overcrowding of Toronto street cars is any of his business. He doesn't think it unhealthy, even. "I do not think it makes one particle of difference," he says. "It does not in any way spread contagion, nor is the general health of the city deteriorated on that account." Dr. Sheard's real source of anxiety at present is the late hours kept by young people who have to work in factories and large retail stores. "The sorrow, putty-like complexions of our young girls tell the result of keeping late hours," says Dr. Sheard. The possibility of long hours and hard work in crowded, stuffy and badly ventilated factories being a reason for such complexions does not seem to have occurred to the doctor. Factories and street cars are all right. The reason for anaemic women is to be found in pleasant evenings spent in snow-shoeing, skating, card-playing, reading, chatting and other diversions. Why should people who have to work for a living, and to travel in street cars, not go to bed as soon as they have their supper, instead of imitating their more favored fellow-citizens by sitting up half the night? What do they want but health and work? How hard they are to control! How willing many are to undertake control of them! That anyone who rides in a Toronto street car between six and seven p.m. should retire before ten can, however, be argued with good reason. His health demands it. Inhaling almost pure carbonic acid gas for half an hour every evening makes it absolutely necessary that he should have at least eight or nine hours of uncon-

that pre-election estimate of the majority are scarcely more trustworthy than the promises. It has taken some time for this expert evidence to appear, but everyone will admit that it is worth the time spent in the hatching. Mr. Howland's idea-bearing letter concludes by modestly suggesting that post-cards be sent to at least twenty of the persons whose names appear on each poll-book used in the 1903 elections, asking them if they voted in person or by proxy. What if the suggestion be carried out and it be found that fifty per cent. of the votes cast for Mr. Urquhart were illegal? The situation would be rather awkward. Would the Mayor be forced to resign, would Mr. Howland be declared elected for 1903, would the calendar be shoved back a year and a fresh start be made, or would Mr. Urquhart only be open to an action for damages for injuring another gentleman's reputation by demonstrating that he makes a better mayor than his wrongfully defeated predecessor? Public sympathy will readily go out to Mr. Howland. The picture of his driving around the city, visiting the various polling-booths, after six o'clock on a winter night, unescorted, having to brush his way through crowds of rough men who didn't look like electors at all, is heart-rending. Even the boldest might shrink from such an ordeal. And then think of the deceitful friends who predicted his election! How could they have the heart to do it? Even in newspaper offices he was told that he was the best ever and that the people simply couldn't resist him. It was too bad of the "Mail" to take such advantage of credulity.

A DESPATCH from Paris announces that M. Hanotaux, former Minister of Foreign Affairs for France, has started an agitation in favor of intervention by the powers to stop the war between Russia and Japan. This news is very likely on a par with the report from London to the effect that the Russian Ambassador to Great Britain had been sent to St. Petersburg with an offer from King Edward to give his good offices as mediator between the contending powers. Such an offer would be the height of folly. At a time when hostilities have just broken out and enormous Russia is being unmercifully hammered by her nimble little antagonist, an offer to mediate would be about as humiliating a proposition as a satirical enemy could put forward. With recent events at Port Arthur and Chemulpo in mind, one can readily imagine how anxious Russia is for peace. A good hard blow on the nose, while your strength is not seriously impaired, puts you into such a reasonable mood! How your soul is filled with the spirit of peace at such a time! You are just in the humor for dropping the whole argument and letting bygones be bygones. M. Hanotaux is either a practical joke degenerate or he wants to get even with someone. Very likely his worst enemy is in the present French Government, and as a duel would give but little satisfaction, he seizes this opportunity to trap the rival statesman into self-destruction. Japan should decorate M. Hanotaux with the order of the paper chrysanthemum, for if the Franco-Russian alliance withstands a French offer to mediate, it will at least get such a jolt that it will be unfit to leave drydock during the present war.



Mrs. Thompson (nee Grantham) of Vancouver left for her home on Tuesday after a visit of two months to her people here. Mr. Thompson absolutely refused to exist any longer in garcon and his lovely wife and clever little daughter have dutifully returned to the West.

Mr. and Mrs. Mulock and their little son returned from Mexico on Tuesday, quite delighted with their trip and full of praise of the kind and hospitable Mexicans and others who so charmingly entertained them. Sir William Mulock went direct to the Capital.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Arthur Percy Taylor of Florheim and Miss Lillian Kent, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Kent of St. George street. Their marriage will take place on April 20th. Mr. Taylor is a popular officer in the 48th Highland Regiment.

I have heard a whisper of something very chic and entertaining which is on for Mi-careme here, but do not know whether the fact of that date (March 12) falling on Saturday will interfere.

Mr. Beardmore of Chudleigh gave a most pleasant hour on Wednesday afternoon to a number of his friends, who assembled for tea at his home. I heard that this tea originated in the announcement of some of his guests for dinner last week that they intended to make a "visite de digestion" to the Master at Chudleigh on the next "day" of the neighborhood, and warning him to be at home to receive. Several other smart people were bidden to tea on that day and, as usual, the affair was charming.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Septimus Denison was again the guest of honor at a tea, Mrs. Denison of Rusholme having asked a number of friends to meet her sister-in-law and her young daughter, Miss Maude Denison. Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Coolmine and the Misses Jessie and Dora Denison looked after the tea and a very pleasant hour was spent in this old historic home by a congenial coterie. Mrs. Septimus Denison wore a pretty delicate tinted grey gown and hat to match, and Miss Maude wore a pale blue dress, and was with her mother again bidden a hearty welcome to Toronto, which was Mrs. Denison's home in her earliest matronhood. A few of the guests were Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. Charles Fleming, Mrs. Sutherland Macklem, Mrs. Chadwick, Mrs. Robert Smith, Mrs. J. Grayson Smith, the Misses Dupont, Miss Ball, Mrs. Grafton (nee Douglas), Mrs. Denison of Heydon Villa, Mrs. George Denison, Jr., Mrs. G. S. Ryerson, Mrs. T. Delamere.

The friends and admirers of that winsome and pretty girl, Miss Edith Pepler, whose visit to Toronto a couple of seasons ago brightened many a smart circle, when she was the guest of her relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pepler in Spadina road, will be glad to hear recent tidings of her welfare. Miss Pepler is now Mrs. Heron-Allen, her marriage having taken place in England in November, and she tells me that life has only bright days, as indeed it should have for such an unusually lovable and fascinating woman. Mr. and Mrs. Heron-Allen are residing in London.

Mr. George Bruenech has been since Christmas in Denmark and Germany. He has held very good exhibitions of his paintings at Stockholm, Gothenburg and elsewhere. At Stockholm Sir William Barrington, the British Ambassador, and the British Consul, were among those who purchased pictures.

Mrs. Stanley Clark is visiting Mrs. Theodore Brough. Mr. Gooderham of Waveney is expected home shortly. Mrs. Osler of Craigleigh returned from England last week bringing with her Miss Cochrane. Mr. Osler has taken a house in Ottawa for the session.

An editor, commenting upon the trousseau of one of the

says: "Mr. Hitchcock's conception of the Consul is droll enough to rank as a creation. To hear him speak that song, 'Ain't it funny what a difference just a few hours make,' is a delight. From first to last the performance was notable for a refinement and daintiness that I had long since ceased to hope for in a native musical production." That is what makes a good many of us wonder when Abijah Boozie is coming again to lighten our hearts.

Miss Janie Wallbridge of Madison avenue is giving two euche parties on the evenings of Thursday and Friday, March 10th and 11th.

Miss Lina Adamson will be assisted at her recital on Tuesday evening by Herr Reckzeh, whom I hear very highly spoken of both artistically and socially.

Miss Madge McGill of Peterboro' is visiting friends in Ottawa. Miss Elsie Keefe has gone to visit her relatives in Ottawa, where she will remain some time.

On Wednesday Sir Charles Tupper spent a couple of hours in a pleasant visit to his old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Thaddeus Leavitt of 521 Bloor street west.

Mrs. Gooderham of Maplecroft and her daughter, Mrs. Cecil Lee, are spending some time at the Welland. Mrs. McGivern of Hamilton is also enjoying a sojourn in that pleasant and restful hostelry.

A very long and serious illness has been the lot of Mr. Gerhard Heintzman for the past six weeks, and his devoted wife and nurse has been taxed greatly in caring for him. Tannenheim will not open hospitable doors for some time, and as soon as Mr. Heintzman is strong enough he and his wife will go away for a change of air.

One of the jolliest of the many jolly dinners given at the Golf Club this season was that of last Tuesday week, when Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright asked a huge party to meet their niece, Miss Christie, who is out from England on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Hal Osler. Miss Muriel Millicamp, a clever and sparkling beauty, a debutante, and Miss Ruby Ramsay of Montreal with her sister, Mrs. Gordon Osler and Mr. Osler were among the guests at the pleasant dinner at which some forty friends assembled.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard, who recently came down from Winnipeg, are going south for a trip, Mr. Leonard feeling the need of a good rest and vacation.

Mrs. Herbert Street Cowan announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Amy Fellows Adams, to Mr. Allan G. McAvity of St. John.

Miss Burgess of Verdun, Que., is in town, the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. B. Creighton, Charles street. Miss Burgess is accompanied by Miss Gertrude Bryce of Dorchester street, Montreal.

Mrs. Timmerman gave a charming little luncheon on Thursday, at which the guests were Mrs. Vassey, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Herbert Cowan, Mrs. S. H. Jones and Mrs. A. G. Denison.

The Japanese fete to be held in McConkey's on March 24th, afternoon and evening, will be a perfectly lovely affair, for which I advise all to keep a free hour. The following items will compose the programme for the concert: Overture, "San Toy and Mikado," Yamasen Orchestra in costume; duet, "Dear Little Jappy," "Geisha," Miss Nordheimer and Mr. Pigott, in costume; song, "A Wandering Minstrel I," "Mikado," Mr. Dick Cowan, in costume; recitation, Miss Cregar; song, Mr. Pigott and Miss Bath, in costume, "A Painted Fan"; duet, "Were You Not to Koko Plighted?" "Mikado," Miss Cowan and Mr. Cowan, in costume; trio, "Three Little Maids from School," from "Mikado," song, "The Jewel of Asia," from "Geisha," in costume, Mrs. Henry Osborne; songs, Miss Mildred Stewart, Mrs. Garratt, Mrs. Mackelcan, Mr. Jellett and others; Chinese Bluebird, Mr. Hargrave, and his six wives.

A repeated announcement of the coming marriage on May 7th of one of our prettiest girls is quite without authority, and has no doubt caused annoyance. The date of the marriage is, I understand, some time in June, and it will be quite a quiet event.

Mr. Lincoln Hunter and Miss Edith Smith are also to be married early in the month of roses.

The Minister of Inland Revenue, Hon. Louis Philippe Brodeur, was in town this week and addressed the Empire Club on Thursday. Many Torontonians who have met and liked Mr. Hector Garneau in Ottawa will be pleased to hear of his appointment as secretary to Mr. Brodeur.

Miss Alice Stewart gave a pleasant tea on Monday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Temple (nee Drynan), who came out from England to see her father on news of his serious illness. Mrs. Temple, I understand, returns home soon.

The West End Euche Club met at Mr. John King's in Wellington place on Thursday, when Miss King was hostess, and the Leap Year Euche Club was entertained last night by Miss Hedley in St. Joseph street. The various "bridge" clubs, of which there are now some half dozen, are taking up most of the Lenten leisure of the matrons and some of the older unmarried set. Men's classes are formed and mesdames allow them to meet for practice in their various drawing-rooms if hubby has become possessed with the bridge craze.

Mrs. L. A. Hamilton has been laid up with an attack of rheumatism since last Sunday, and has been missed from such gaieties as the chastening season permits.

The stork called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Darling on Thursday morning and left a girl baby in charge of Grandmama White, who arrived from New York just in time to receive it, having been experiencing a modern "pent up Utica" on account of the blizzard en route. I am told that the stork made a very amiable selection for Mr. and Mrs. Darling, whose friends will send them many congratulations and good wishes for their first little child.

Among the curious developments of the bridge craze is one which exhibits the great aptitude for a devotion to the game by women who never could take any interest in what "according to Hoyle." One handsome young matron is quite a bridge expert, but never could endure what.

I venture to say that if one could catch unawares the thoughtless verdict of the average citizen upon the lawmakers now in session in the Parliament Buildings, it would probably coincide with the average esteem in which modernity holds the aggregation called a jury. The country members and the knower city representatives are lightly spoken of as hayseeds and schemers, by persons who are simply unaware of things as they are. The other day a clever young man happened to be present during some interesting business before the Legislature, and he tells me that he was filled with admiration for the acumen, business ability and common sense which was plentifully shown by the speakers. "They are splendid," he said heartily, naming four men who had taken part in an important discussion.

A "beauty" luncheon of the past week was given by Mrs. Gordon Osler for her sister, Miss Ruby Ramsay, Mrs. Magann, Mrs. H. C. Osborne, Mrs. Campbell Reeves, Mrs. MacCulloch, Miss Estelle Holland and Miss Christie were some of the guests.

On Monday Mrs. Bruce Macdonald gave a very delightful luncheon of twelve covers to Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn,

the daughter of the late Bank of Montreal President, William Fisher of Victoria, B.C., has been formally announced.

The sudden death of Mr. E. T. Carter of Homewood avenue at Nassau on Wednesday was a great shock to his relatives and friends in Toronto, and very great sympathy is for the family of the deceased gentleman and his sorrowing wife, who accompanied him south some time ago. Mr. Carter, I hear, complained of a very severe pain in his head and died quite suddenly.

Some three hundred guests responded to the invitation of the Principal of the Presbyterian Ladies' College to be present at the fifteenth annual At Home, which took place on Friday evening of last week. It is said to have been a record-breaker for success, animation and interest, and no pains were spared by the Lady Principal, Mrs. MacIntyre, and her staff to make the evening altogether enjoyable. Mrs. MacIntyre received in the west drawing-room in a handsome evening gown of black embroidered lace over white satin, a touch of geranium satin, and a bouquet of violets adding to its chic with some fine pearl and diamond ornaments. Miss Paterson, Miss Harrison, Miss MacDougall, Miss Phelps, Miss Lyons and Miss Summers, the ladies of the teaching staff, assisted Mrs. MacIntyre in receiving. An orchestra filled the rooms with music and two fine classrooms were devoted to the young folks, who danced merrily, while in the spacious drawing-rooms an excellent concert programme was given by Miss Jewel Benson, Miss Annie Kent, Miss Annetta Wardell, Miss Mabelle Chapman, Miss Jessie Flook, Miss Bessie Pearson, Miss Annie Petherbridge, Miss Hall, Miss Elizabeth Wood and Mr. Rechab Tandy. Miss Wardell was particularly good in her recitation, but each of the students did herself and her teacher credit by her excellent rendering of the vocal or instrumental number assigned to her. The college rooms were brightly decorated, but their greatest ornament was the happy, healthy, and clever looking bevy of over one hundred students in their pretty white frocks, all charming girls. Supper was served about eleven in the refectory, where the tables were sunny with jonquils, lights and gold-tinted ribbons, and plentifully spread with dainties. It was altogether a notably successful evening, over far too soon to please the guests, old or young, and I hope soon to be repeated. Some of the invited guests were the Misses Mortimer Clark, Principal and Mrs. Caven, Hon. George W. Ross and Miss Ross, Hon. R. Harcourt and Mrs. Harcourt, Hon. J. R. Stratton and Mrs. Stratton, Hon. W. A. and Mrs. Charlton, Lady Kirkpatrick, Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mr. and Mrs. T. Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Kemp, the Misses Kemp, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Osborne, Dr. and Mrs. Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Vogt, Mr. and Mrs. Tripp, Mr. and Mrs. Dignam, Dr. and Mrs. Sheraton, Dr. and Mrs. Warden, Mrs. and Miss Reynolds, Chancellor and Mrs. Burwash, Senator and the Misses Gibson, Prof. and Mrs. McCurdy, Dr. and Mrs. Fisher, Dr. and Mrs. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jaffray, Dr. and Mrs. C. Meyers, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. McMurrich, Mr. and Mrs. W. Houston, Major and Mrs. Manley, Mrs. W. Christie and Miss McCallum, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Malone, Dr. Helen MacMurchy, Dr. and Mrs. Fotheringham, Mr. and Mrs. John Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Fox, Mr. and Mrs. H. O'Hara, Dr. John McClelland, Rev. A. and Mrs. McMillan, Mr. and Mrs. N. Ford, Dr. and Mrs. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw, Mr. and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Bertram, Mr. E. N. Gussaulus, Rev. A. and Mrs. Gandier, Mrs. Beemer, Mr. G. W. Grote, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Paterson and Miss Paterson, Rev. R. and Mrs. Gregory, Mr. Sherwood, Mr. Forster, Dr. McKenzie, Rev. R. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Rutter, Mr. and Mrs. James Bicknell, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Flavell, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Fudger, Dr. and Mrs. Miss Britton, Dr. and Mrs. Jerrold Ball, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Clute, and representatives from the different universities and colleges.

Hon. L. O. David was prevented by indisposition from lecturing here last Saturday. Professor Coleman gave instead a fine lecture on "The Conquest of Wild Canada" with stereopticon views, which was greatly appreciated.

A charming little affair of last week was the tea given by Mrs. Willmott of Rosedale for Mrs. and Miss Ethel Foster, much appreciated newcomers who are in the G. B. Smith's house for the season. Miss Ethel Foster and her brother are decided acquisitions to the young set. Toronto is, I believe, their native place, but since Mrs. Foster became a widow she has lived entirely abroad with her son and daughter.

Miss Abbie May Helmer is certainly a drawing card, her second recital being patronized by a large, cultured and critical audience on the 26th, and her playing being of great interest and worth. Mrs. Hewes Oliphant sang very well, and both ladies received tribute of flowers, fresh and sweet. Miss Helmer's third recital takes place on April 28th in St. George's Hall.

A couple of very enjoyable eueches were given by Mrs. W. de L. Wilson on two evenings last week. At the first one the prizes were won by Mr. Frank Morrison and Mr. Douglas Young. Mrs. Wilson was very gracious and handsome in white lace over blue silk, and the girls (for it was a young folks' party) numbered some beauties, several of the debutantes among them, and some much-appreciated transient visitors in town.

On the same evening Mrs. Herbert Cowan of Parkdale gave a very pleasant progressive of six tables.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McLeod returned from a trip south last week, and Mrs. McLeod was at the Strolling Players on Tuesday, looking very well indeed.

The Paardeberg dinner at Rideau Hall, which His Excellency has made such an interesting "hardy annual," came off last Saturday. Colonel Otter, Colonel Lessard, Colonel Septimus Denison, and Major Carpenter went down to Ottawa for it.

After Professor Coleman's lecture on Saturday, Mrs. Ramsay Wright gave a tea in her apartments to which many of her friends came on from the lecture and others dropped in to enjoy her always pleasant hospitality. Mrs. Ramsay Wright has the pleasure of chaperoning the prettiest girl in Toronto to all sorts of pleasant places just now. I saw them at the Strolling Players on Tuesday.

What appears to be the last meet of the Driving Club for this season took place on Saturday and was the first really big turnout of the year. The line of smart equipages, a unicorn driven by Colonel Stimson, tandems driven by several good whips, and ten or more pairs, were enough to form a goodly cortege which swept gaily up from the fans. Tea at Colonel Davidson's hospitable home, where, needless to state, everything was capitally arranged to welcome the smart company, was the finale of the drive.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beatty and Mr. James Worts have gone to Europe.

During her short visit to Toronto as the guest of Mrs. Osborne of Woodburn, Miss Dora Labatt was entertained very nicely by many friends. Mrs. Reeves and Mrs. Timmerman were her hostesses at charming small luncheons on two days last week.

Miss Leverich gave a luncheon for Miss White of Quebec, which was one of the happiest events of last week. Her guests were Mrs. Haydn Horsey, Mrs. Alan Sullivan, Miss Bessie Macdonald, Miss Phillips, Miss Phemie Smith, Miss Evelyn Cox, Miss Paterson, Miss Alice Stewart, Miss Aileen Gooderham, Miss Mara, Miss Gooderham of Maplecroft.

The captain and members of the Mac-Mac Hockey Club were dined very pleasantly on Friday evening last by the goalkeeper of the club, Mr. Willson S. Howard, Jr., at his father's residence, 137 Madison avenue.

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Society

They are saying in New York that the lately-arrived Mrs. Morgan (related to the celebrity of that name) creates a sensation by going about in the most ravishing kimono, as she is a native Japanese. They are saying in Toronto that the Jap. costumes of the Yum-Yums at the Strolling Players' tea-room are leading to a rage for the comfortable kimono, and that some modish women are going to receive in the company garment as soon as they can get an umbrella of sufficient beauty and brilliancy to canopy their five o'clock tea.

Lady Howland and Miss Bessie Bethune, who have been at the Welland, St. Catharines for some weeks, have gone to Pinehurst, North Carolina, for the spring. Miss Bethune has not been a bit well this winter, and looks very delicate, though even prettier than ever. I sincerely trust I shall soon be able to mention that the trip south has resulted in great gain to her.

Sir Charles Tupper arrived in town about ten on Tuesday evening.

The lady managers of the Woman's Club have secured quarters in the large building at 9 Toronto street, where alterations and decoration were under consideration on Tuesday at an interesting meeting. Plans are beginning to present a tangibility, and prospects are, I am informed, bright for the progress of the club to success. In the meantime the other little club, which began so mildly, is educating people who never see King street after two o'clock to come down town in the afternoon, and incidentally paying the way to a habit which will be of great value to the new club.

A very startling "petit histoire" moves me to utter a needed word of warning to some confiding persons who imagine their telephone wire is private property. On two occasions lately a certain unwary lady and not-to-be-too-strongly-condemned male idiot, have been overheard in unmistakably compromising dialogue over the 'phone. The lady had the instinct to hesitate, but her fatuous admirer, alibi assured her she might say anything she liked, as if Central cut in he could at once tell. She said a good many things she liked, and so did he! That they were quarrelled will, I fear, speedily be proven, but there are others who may profit by this statement of the danger one confronts in either speaking of other person's private affairs or gently toying with one's own dearest intrigues by means of the fatal hello-box.

Miss Dora Labatt of London, who spent a charming visit with Mrs. Osborne at Woodburn, has returned to London. She had the weird experience of being snowed up all night in a day coach en route, not the most soothing and comfortable sort of travel-hap.

I hear that a coterie of men, for whose idle moments Satan evidently laid a trap, were moved to compare the charms of various visitors who have during the past season added luster and interest to our social doings. From this apparently innocent subject for discussion they succeeded in evolving two quarrels, one black eye, several cut-glass disasters and a lawyer's letter from an irate father. The last development is an abject apology and strained relations between two erstwhile chums.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hulme have succeeded in finding a very pleasant home and are to remain for some months in Toronto. They are settled at No. 6 Spadina road, where, I presume, Mrs. Hulme will receive on the neighborhood day, Friday.

Mrs. Vander Smissen spent the weekend at the Welland, St. Catharines, with her father, Mr. Herbert Mason.

Mrs. Grass of Maitland street gave a little informal tea one afternoon lately for her guest, Mrs. Jaques of Trenton.

Mr. Grossmith was accorded a very happy reception on his last visit to Toronto as an entertainer. During his stay he entertained Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Houston, Mrs. Warrington and one or two others at a very delightful little dinner, when his qualities as a host were proved to be perfect. On Tuesday afternoon he was the guest of honor at a little musicale given by Mrs. Warrington.

Mrs. Donald Sutherland of John street gave a progressive euchre and leap year dance on Tuesday evening. The first prizes were won by Miss Sutherland of Carlton street and Mr. Size. After supper had been served dancing commenced and was very much enjoyed by all present, especially the ladies, who had the privilege of asking the men to dance. Some of those present were Mr. and Mrs. Badden, Mr. and Mrs. McCormick, Miss Size, Miss Anderson of Woodstock, Miss Lillian Gillespie, Miss Badden, Miss McLaughlin, Mrs. Wetherill, Mr. Lauder, Mr. Morrison, Mr. Howell, Mr. Benningall, Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Davidson, Mr. McPherson and Mr. MacKay.

Many Toronto people will be pleased to hear of the continued success of one of our Canadian girls, Miss Mabel Beatrice Beddoe, whose musical career has been watched with much interest. Miss Beddoe is studying in Chicago at present, and has accepted the position of contralto in the quartette of the wealthiest and most fashionable church in Evanston, Ill. Miss Beddoe gave a musicale last week, assisted by several well-known Chicago artists.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Orr, the Misses Burritt, Mr. and Mrs. G. Frank Beer, Mr. J. Herbert Mason, Miss A. E. Mason, Mr. R. H. Matson, Mr. J. K. MacDonald, Miss Helen MacDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Disette, Mrs. Lamb, Mr. and Mrs. Postlethwaite of Toronto, Dr. and Mrs. Gaviller of Hamilton, Mr. C. E. Wetlaufer, Mr. E. O. McNair and daughter of Buffalo, Miss Rosehill of Syracuse, Mr. J. J. Lundy of Peterborough, and Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. H. H. Harnard of Ottawa are among those recently registered at the Welland, St. Catharines.

Mrs. J. Edmond McLeod was the hostess of a delightful progressive euchre on Wednesday, February 17. The winners of the prizes were Mrs. Finch, Mrs. Lugadin, Miss Sims and Mrs. White. Others who enjoyed the jolly game were Mrs. Kleiser, Mrs. Millar, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Sparling, Mrs. Higman, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Boustead, Mrs. Reid, Mrs. Walker, Miss Dack, Miss Laidlaw, Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. Case, Mrs. Radly, Mrs. Laidly, Mrs. Prowse, Mrs. Rea, Mrs.

Dowie, Mrs. Hazard, Mrs. Gifford, Mrs. Speers.

Mr. J. W. L. Forster has arranged to accompany the "Grosser-Kurfirst" cruise to the Mediterranean this month. The objective point of the cruise is the International Sunday School Convention at Jerusalem in April. He will visit Athens, Constantinople, Egypt and Italy, returning the end of May.

Mrs. Stratton will receive at the Speaker's chambers on next Tuesday afternoon, from four to half-past six o'clock.

The expected presence of Sir Charles Tupper at the rendezvous of the Strolling Players' Club on Tuesday afternoon brought out a large number of members, and there was great regret expressed that the veteran statesman was snowbound at Peterboro'. However, there was scarcely the faintest prospect of his being able to get through to Toronto, and it seems the Strolling Players and their friends only need an excuse to foregather in their pretty rooms, which are always full of jolly visitors at tea-time. Should the wise and tactful managers see fit to continue the very successful modus operandi which has brought their club to the center of the stage, it will take its place firmly as an institution in Toronto society. The clever little women who are its sponsors have originality and resource enough, and are wise in their generation in the catering for the entertainment of the members. To get the best and keep it seems to be their motto, and the various amateurs and professionals who have played and sung to us this year have been well worthy of attention and applause. Mrs. Harries of Earncliffe was a guest on Tuesday with Mrs. C. Egerton Ryerson, and was delighted with the whole affair, particularly the magnetic and useful singing of the star of the Strolling Players, Mr. Pigott, who finished the afternoon with the ever-welcome and rattling "Norah."

Mrs. Denison of Heydon Villa, with whom Mrs. Septimus Denison is stopping at present, gave a tea for her guest on Tuesday, an informal and very pleasant welcome to Toronto from some of the many friends of Mrs. Septimus. A few of those who extended the glad hand were Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Gzowski, Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mrs. Delamere, Miss Denison, Mrs. Osborne, Woodburn, Mrs. Denison of Rusholme, Mrs. Chadwick of Lanmar, Mrs. Grayson Smith, the Misses Dupont, Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. Harman, Mrs. Cattanach, Lady Thompson, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. Arthur of Ravenswood, Mrs. Greene, Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Mrs. Willison, the Misses Dupont, Mrs. Hammond, Mrs. Peilert, Mrs. Robert Smith of Stratford, Mrs. Timmerman, Mrs. Herbert Mowat, Mrs. Grasett, Mrs. Vernon Payne, Mrs. H. Patterson, Mrs. George Evans, Miss Thorburn and Miss Melvin-Jones. Mrs. Natrass and Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Coolmine poured tea.

Another welcome guest at the Strolling Players was Mr. S. Henderson, son of Mrs. Henderson of 24 St. George street and brother of Miss Lola Henderson, who came with his people and is at the King Edward for a short visit.

Captain Charles Kingsmill, R.N., was expected in town on Wednesday or Thursday. Miss Maude Kingsmill, who has been in New York, was one of the snowed-up travelers at Utica in mid-week.

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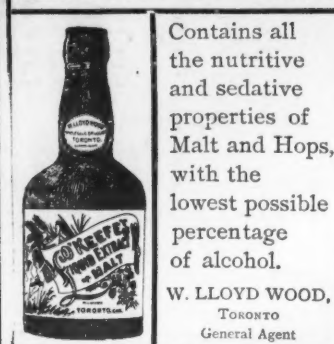
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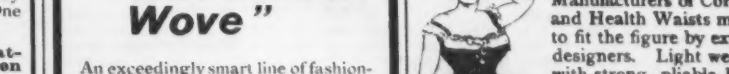
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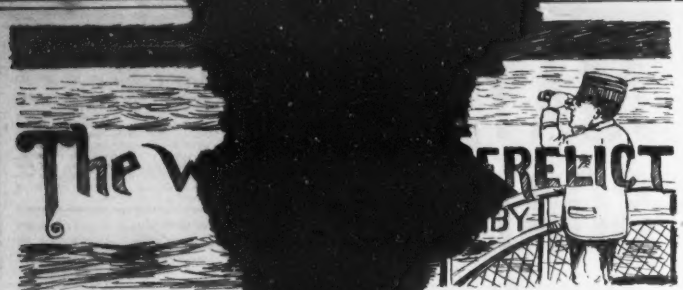
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Beauty is a Woman's Passport



Synopsis of Chapters I. to Bramwell, after knocking about for many years, arrives in San Francisco, and, being from his ship, looks about for work. He calls at the office of a man named "Britomart," and the following day sails for Apia. Two years later, one day, while Bramwell is sitting on the veranda of an hotel, a man approaches and enters into conversation with him. It appears he is owner of the schooner "Kittowake," to which some mystery attaches. Bramwell goes with him, and learns that he is thinking of leaving the "Britomart." Bramwell, as the "Kittowake's" owner is called, persuades him to take command of his ship. Farringdon turns out to be an opium smuggler and pearl poacher. After the two have experienced several adventures, Bramwell decides to visit England. Leaving the ship at Honolulu, he starts for London on board the "Hulket." On the voyage an abandoned vessel is sighted, and Bramwell has a horrible dream which he cannot banish from his thoughts. Nearing the wreck, the captain suggests that it be searched, and Bramwell gets permission to accompany the mate on his errand. After taking a good look at the ship from the boat the men go aboard, and are met by a ghastly sight—a man pinned to the deck by knives through his throat and hands. The captain of their vessel is sent for, and on his arrival the search is continued, with the result that a woman is discovered locked in one of the cabins, but in too dazed a condition to give any information. Bramwell having decided to take charge of the vessel to Plymouth, the captain arranges his crew and offers to accommodate the girl on the "Hulket," but she refuses to leave. At last they start on one of the strangest voyages man ever heard of. An effort to identify either the girl or the ship being unsuccessful, it becomes a backward matter to decide what shall become of the former on arriving in England. Bramwell's mate suggests a way out of the difficulty.

CHAPTER VII.

It may be readily imagined with what impatience I waited to be told Jackson's scheme. What it was I could not even conjecture. When all was said and done he was the last man from whom I expected to receive any sort of help.

"Well, what can you do for me?" I asked, somewhat impatiently. I am afraid, "If you can see a way out of the difficulty I can assure you're a cleverer man than I am. Let me hear what you have to say." He scratched his head, and paused for a minute before he replied. He was evidently turning something over in his mind. Having summed him up by this time I did not interrupt him.

"Well, you see, it's this way," he began, rather bashfully. "My mother's a widow."

I did not quite see what this had to do with the case—but I let him go on his own way and tell the story according to his own fashion.

"As I say, mother's a widow," he went on. "She lives at Hampton Court—close to the Palace, and she's got nobody but my sister and a cross-grained old brute of a servant with her. She'd welcome a girl like Miss Alexandra with open arms, and I'd stake my life she'd look after her like a mother. Of course she couldn't afford to keep her for nothing—but I guess we could make the firm contribute something towards it. Why shouldn't she go down to the matter—only for a time, and until you know what you're going to do with her?"

This certainly seemed to be a way out of my difficulty, and I jumped at it, as you may suppose. Nothing could have suited my purpose better.

"But are you quite sure that your mother would care to take her in?" I inquired.

"I'm perfectly sure of it," was his answer, and he added quickly, as if on an after-thought, "Of course you could go down and see her whenever you wanted to."

To this generous suggestion I do not pretend that I offered any reply. At last we reached Plymouth, and I went inside the Breakwater. When the cable ran through the hawse hole one of the most eventful voyages of my life was at an end. We made the harbor between seven and half-past ten the morning—the water like glass and scarcely enough wind to bring us to our anchorage. Before me was the historic Hoe, to the left Mount Edgcombe and to the right the fort-clad heights of Staddon.

When all is said and done there are few places more beautiful than the Metropolis of the West, as it is called by admirers. And a long sea voyage, with all its attendant troubles, is just the thing to make one appreciate its beauties.

As soon as I arrived I despatched a telegram to the "Hulket's" owners, advising them of my arrival, and asking them for instructions. I can well imagine what a surprise that message must have been to them—for, of course, they knew nothing of me—not even my name—and as I could not give them the name of the ship, doubtless they deemed me a madman of the first degree. However, in due course, a reply reached me to the effect that a member of the firm was starting for Plymouth, and would be with me that night. During the afternoon I persuaded Miss Alexandra to come on deck. How pretty she looked I cannot tell you. The rest and quiet of the last week had worked wonders with her. The color had come back to her cheeks, and the light into her eyes. How much this pleased me I leave you to guess—but why did not her memory return too? You can have no idea how miserable this made me! Never could there have been a sweeter woman. That she was grateful for such little services as I could do for her was apparent—and yet, try how I might, I could not lift the veil that hid the secret of the last few weeks.

We paced the poop together, and then I broached the subject of her future.

"Can you realize that this is old England?" I said to her, by way of introduction, for between ourselves I don't mind admitting that I was more than a little bit nervous. It isn't every day that a man is called upon to arrange the future of a beautiful girl, of whose antecedents he knows absolutely nothing, and yet with whom he is over head and ears in love. For I don't mind confessing that, by this time, I was madly in love with her.

The afternoon train brought the doctor I have already spoken of. I stood below at the time of his arrival, short. Jackson received him at the gangway, as soon as I heard my name called, he hurried out of my bunk—I had in a house in, of course, all standing—and ran on deck.

"Mr. Bramwell," I believe the touseau well-dressed gentleman, the touseau

waiter. I am one of the directors of the "Hulket" Line. We had a telegram from you this morning. Of course we're quite in the dark about the whole matter. But doubtless you can explain."

"I am afraid it is a matter that will require a good deal of explaining," I replied. "In the first place, it seems to me that I should tell you who I am."

A short pause ensued. While it lasted I took stock of his immaculate top hat and frock coat—patent leather boots and diamond scarf-pin. Then I proceeded to let him know the circumstances of the case. I will do him the justice of saying that he listened attentively to what I had to say, but before I was halfway through the narrative I had arrived at the conclusion that the firm would do nothing for me.

Of course, for salvaging the vessel they could not help themselves, but as for helping the poor girl, they could only make excuses, using as a plea that they were a company and as such charity was not to be expected of them.

"I suppose in that case you expect me to provide for her," I said, feeling as if I could knock him down.

"That is a matter for your own consideration," he replied, with a smug smile that roused me almost to a frenzy. "From what you have told me I gather that you took the whole responsibility upon your own shoulders. Of course we should be only too glad to do anything we can, but you must see that we are placed in a very invidious position. We know nothing of the lady—you admit that murder was committed on board—you accept command, and the first thing you do is to destroy all traces of the crime. Yet you expect us to take everything for granted, and do just as you wish."

"But I give you my word," he raised his hand as if in protest. "You must forgive me, but my word is my word, and when I have said it I've said everything. If you're going to throw this poor girl over, you deserve to be hung, and by the Lord Harry I'd willingly do it for you."

I suppose all his life he'd never been talked to like that. It certainly did not agree with him—but little I cared! I wasn't his servant, and had no desire to be.

"We'll have to fight this matter out," said he, as he went towards the gangway. "You've insulted me!"

"Have I?" I replied. "Get off my boat, or I'll take my boot to you!"

Before I could say any more he was down the gangway, and into the launch alongside.

"You'll hear from me about this," he shouted up to me. "I'll teach you that you can't insult people with impunity, my fine gentleman!"

To this threat I offered no reply, but walked to the other side of the deck, where Jackson was standing, grinning from ear to ear.

"I don't envy you your employers, if that's a sample," I remarked. "I should have liked to manhandle him a bit. It would do him good."

"You're not the only one," he replied. "It's just that sort of man who makes a sea like the hell it is. Poor pay, cheap stores, and clear out and find another berth if you're not satisfied. It's a paying game from their point of view—but not from ours."

"I asked, 'We must think about her,'" I said. "Why not do what I suggested, and let her go to my mother," he answered. "I'll tell you what I will do. I've got a few pounds saved, and if you like to go I'll do what I can to help."

His offer touched me more than I can say. He was a typical sailor, full of generosity and kindness of heart—willing to surrender anything he'd got to help another in distress. I told him that there was no need for him to do anything of the kind, but that if he would ask his mother to take the poor girl in it would not only do her good, but he would be laying me under an everlasting obligation. That afternoon he telegraphed to his mother, and later received her answer to the effect that she would be very glad to do anything she could to help.

Accordingly next morning, having, for the time being severed my connection with the ill-fated vessel, I left her in Jackson's charge, and went ashore, taking Miss Alexandra with me. From the manager of one of the principal hotels I obtained the address of a doctor who was a specialist in mind diseases. Engaging a cab I drove her there at once. I can see her now, sitting in that half-darkened room, looking as beautiful as any woman could be. I did my best to interest her, but without success. She did not seem to care for anything. It was one of the saddest things I have ever seen in my life.

Presently our turn came, and I asked for an interview with the doctor. Miss Alexandra I left in charge of a nurse. I can see now that grave, professional face, with its kindly gray eyes looking out from beneath the shaggy brows.

"May I ask what you think is the matter with your wife?" he began, putting up his pince-nez as he spoke.

"The lady is not my wife," I replied, and in response to another enquiry I proceeded to give him a rough outline

Doctor's Coffee

And His Daughter Matched Him.

Coffee drinking troubled the family of a physician of Grafton, W. Va., who describes the situation thus:

"Having suffered quite a while from vertigo, palpitation of the heart, and many other derangements of the nervous system, and finding no relief from usual methods of treatment, I thought to see how much there was in the Postum argument against coffee."

"So I resorted to Postum, cutting off the coffee, and to my surprise and satisfaction have found entire relief from all my sufferings, proving conclusively the baneful effect of coffee and the way to be rid of it."

"I have found Postum completely takes the place of coffee, both in flavor and in taste. It is becoming more popular every day with many of our people, and in having great demand here."

"My daughter, Mrs. Long, has been a sufferer for a long time from attacks of acute indigestion. By the dismissal of coffee and using Postum in its place she has obtained complete relief."

"I have also heard from many others who have used your Postum very favorable accounts of its good effects."

"I prescribe Postum in place of coffee in a great many cases, and I believe that upon its merits Postum will come into general use." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

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That is all. Send no money. Simply sign above. Tell me the book you need. I will arrange with a druggist near you for six bottles of

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

Take it a month at my risk. If it succeeds the cost to you \$5.50. If it fails the druggist will bill the cost to me. And I leave the decision to you.

Don't Wait Until You Are Worse.

Taken in time, the suffering of this little one would have been prevented. Her mother writes me:

"Two years ago my little girl was sick continuously for six months. We tried many doctors, and they failed, yet it took only two bottles of your remedy to cure her, and she has remained cured. You can tell others of this cure if you so desire."

Mrs. C. H. Avery, Rockdale, N. Y.

"It is a pity she did not first write me, before the case was dangerous."

The wife of Omer Andrus of Bayou Chicot, La, had been sick for 20 years. For 8 years could do practically no work. He writes:

"When she first started taking the Restorative she barely weighed 30 pounds; now she weighs 135, and is able easily to do all her housework."

Twenty "dark" years might have been "bright" ones. J. G. Billingsley of Thomasville, Ga., for three years has been crippled with disease. Now he is well. He writes:

"I spent \$250.00 for other medicines, and the \$3.00 I have spent for your medicine has done more good than all the rest."

Both money and suffering might have been saved.

And these are only three from over 65,000 similar cases. These letters—dozens of them—come every day to me.

How much serious illness the Restorative has prevented, I have no means of knowing, for the slightly ill and the indisposed simply get a bottle or two of their druggist, are cured, and I never hear from them.

But of 600,000 sick ones—seriously sick, mind you—who asked for my guarantee, 39 out of each 40 have paid. Paid because they got well.

If I can succeed in cases like these—fail but one time in 40, in diseases deep-seated and chronic—isn't it certain I can always cure the slightly ill?

of any kind must be avoided. If you will be guided by me, you will take her to some quiet inland place, and use a slang expression, allow her to run wild for a time. After a shock such as this, she has undoubtedly received, you may be quite sure that mental rest is the only positive cure."

"I will follow your advice most faithfully," I replied, picking up my hat as I spoke.

"Keep her as cheerful as you can," he continued. "Avoid excitement as far as possible; induce her to take as much out-of-doors exercise as you can, and I feel sure you will see a vast improvement in a few weeks. She is naturally a strong and healthy girl, and I should say she would throw it off after a time, but you will have to be diplomatic."

I assured him that I would do all I possibly could, and then having settled matters with him, returned to the reception-room, where Miss Alexandra was awaiting my coming. She rose as I entered and came towards me with hands outstretched.

"Take me away," she said, "I am afraid of this house. Why did you bring me here?"

"Because I wanted to make you quite strong again," I said, "surely you do not blame me for that! You have had a lot of trouble, and I want to take it off your shoulders if I can."

"If I am afraid I do not understand," she answered.

"You must not try to," was the reply. "Leave everything to me and you will find it will be all right in the end."

Having seen the doctor I returned to the ship, taking Miss Alexandra with me. I cannot tell you how anxious I was to see the last of her—the ship, of course, I mean, not Miss Alexandra.

Two hours later we were in the train, flying across country en route for London. I had made my report to the authorities, and had left Jackson in charge, pending the decision of the "Hulket" board. Through their representative they had informed me that they did not intend doing anything for Miss Alexandra, so I did not feel in any way bound to them.

It was nearly six o'clock before we reached London—a muggy, close afternoon, with a suspicion of thunder in the air. As the express did not stop at Surbiton, it was necessary for us to go on to Waterloo, and then to take the train on the other line back to Hampton Court.

During the entire journey Miss Alexandra scarcely spoke. When I gave her lunch, for which I had telegraphed beforehand, she thanked me, but seemed to take no sort of interest in it. I tried to rouse her without success. It seemed as if the mystery that surrounded her was not to be solved. She sat in her corner of the compartment I had reserved for ourselves, looking straight before her, never glancing out of the window and apparently oblivious of all that went on around her.

On reaching Waterloo we had time to have a cup of tea before catching the train for Hampton Court. It had been a long and tiring journey, but she had not once complained. While we were standing on the platform at Waterloo I noticed the way in which people looked at her. Yet she was quite unconscious of any admiration she excited. As a matter of fact, I really do not believe that she had any knowledge of how beautiful she was. She was the first woman I had ever loved, and, I am a little conceited, though I can assure you I have not the least intention to be.

Jackson had not only written to his mother to inform her of our coming, but I had also taken the precaution of telegraphing to her from Plymouth giving her the time at which we hoped to arrive.

On reaching Hampton Court I engaged a cab and bade the man drive us to Acacia Villa, by which name Mrs. Jackson's residence was known to the neighborhood. It was situated near the Lock, and commanded a pretty view of the river. It was agreeably surprised by it, for I feared that it might be of the usual suburban type, and situated in some back street.

"This, Miss Alexandra," I said, as the cab drew up before the door, "is to be, for a time at least, your home. Do you think you will like it?"

"I cannot tell," she answered, "but I suppose so."

By the time we had alighted the cabman had rung the bell, and had carried the small trunk of necessities, which I had purchased for her in Plymouth, up the steps to the front door, which was opened by a neat maid-servant. Our arrival was evidently expected, for we were invited to enter, and informed that Mrs. Jackson was awaiting us in the drawing-room. She proved to be a pleasant, picturesque old lady, with gray hair, a little lame, but with a cheery smile and winning manner. She welcomed her new charge with motherly kindness, and then shook hands with me.

"I feel sure we shall be very good friends, my dear," she continued, ad-

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And then, my dears, I am going to have fluffy lace all down the front so as to make me look light and airy.—"Life."

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I make this offer so that those who might doubt may learn at my risk.

Tell of it, please, to a friend who is sick. Or send me a time—a postal. He is your friend. You can help him. My way may be his only way to get well.

I, a stranger, offer to do all this. Won't you, his friend, his neighbor, simply write?

He will learn from my book a way to get well. Perhaps, as I say, the only way for him. His case may be serious—hopeless almost. Other physicians—other specialists, may have failed. The matter is urgent, then.

Write me a postal or sign above to-day.

Address—Dr. Shoop, Box 99, Racine, Wis.

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Makes any skin like
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Very small and as easy to take as sugar.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE.
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FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.
CURE SICK HEADACHE.
It's so palatable, mild and splendid flavor.

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Beats 'Em All
It's so palatable, mild and splendid flavor.
TRY ALSO DAVIES' FAMILY CREAM ALE
It's Delicious.

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dressing the girl. "And I hope you will be happy with us."
She enquired what sort of a journey we had had and proffered us tea, but as we had partaken of it in the train we both declined. We had scarcely done so before the door opened and a tall, buxom girl, boasting an absurd likeness to my late mate, entered the room.
"This is my daughter Janet," remarked the old lady, and she shook hands with both of us.
After a few moments' conversation the newcomer suggested that their guest might like to see her room, and they accordingly went out together, leaving me alone with the old lady, which was exactly what I wanted.
"Remember, I know scarcely anything of the matter," she replied. "It is true my son wrote to me and asked me if I would be willing to take her in, but, though he said she had been through terrible trouble at sea, he did not tell me what that trouble was, for the reason that he thought it would come better from you."
I then set to work and told her everything. She heard me out with undisguised interest and horror, remarking at intervals, "Poor girl, poor girl!" "And I understand she can remember nothing of what occurred," she said when I had finished.
"Nothing of any importance," was my reply. "The memory of that terrible time is wiped off her brain, just as one wipes figures off a slate. We are even ignorant of her name, though we call her Alexandra. I thought Seymour might do for a surname until we can discover her own. It is not a very brilliant flight of fancy, but it will serve the purpose as well as another."
"But if you say that every trace of her identity or that of the ship was destroyed, how is that identity to be discovered, and who will do it?"
"I shall," I replied. "I have set my heart upon bringing the inhuman wretches to book, and I shall not rest content until I have mastered every detail of one of the most atrocious crimes I, or any other man, ever heard of."
"You appear to feel very strongly on the subject," Mr. Bramwell said, and as she did so it struck me that she looked rather curiously at me through her gold-rimmed spectacles.
"Who could help doing so?" was my reply. "My blood boils whenever I think of it."
"And I understand that the owners of the 'Hulket,' who will probably make a considerable sum of money out of it, will not contribute in any way to the poor girl's support?"
"Not one halfpenny," I answered, remembering the scene I had had with the director that morning.
"Forgive an old woman's impertinence, but am I right in supposing that you, a perfect stranger, intend doing it yourself?"
I answered her in the affirmative. "You are very generous."
"Not at all. I pity her from the bottom of my heart. But, Mrs. Jackson, do not let us misunderstand each other. I am doing it because I love her, because I hope some day to make her my wife. But not while her mind is clouded like this. She shall have fair play, and if, when she can think for herself, she will take me for her husband, I shall be amply repaid for any trouble I may have taken."
(To be continued.)

England's Bluebeard.

HENRY VIII. has many claims on the recollection of the British people, but he will always be remembered as a large, fat man who had six wives. Marrying was not so much a hobby with Henry as a positive craze. There is an ancient anecdote to the effect that a young man once came to Socrates for advice as to whether he should marry or remain single. Socrates said to him: "Whether you marry or not you will repent it." Henry VIII. was like that all the time. Before he was married he found himself repenting the fact that he was still single; and after he had married the fair Catherine of Aragon he wanted to kick himself for having taken a girl like that when there were heaps of better ones to be had for the asking.
However, there he was, married to Catherine, and for a long time there was no help for it. It was not that Henry desired to marry anyone else at the moment. His great longing was to be a single man again. We believe that other men since Henry's time have had the same longing, though we are not able to give any statistics on the subject. Most men will be sensible enough to comfort themselves with the philosophical opinion that they might have done worse anyway, and that what can't be cured must be endured. Henry, however, was an intensely religious man, and you never know where people like that are going to break out next. As time went on Henry picked out a little lady named Anne Boleyn and told himself that if he were a single man he would marry Anne to-morrow. Of course, if Henry had been a very good fellow he would have looked up the history of his predecessors and have seen how they arranged these little matters. But, as it was marriage or nothing with him, he began to wonder how to

A Dr's Food

Found a Food That Lifted Him out of Trouble.
The food experience of a doctor experimenting with himself is worth knowing. He says:
"I had acid dyspepsia since I have any knowledge, from eight years old, I know."
"It worked down from stomach to intestines, locating at the umbilicus in every few days was something terrible. I have walked the floor for hours, unable to eat or digest if I should eat. Medicine would not relieve me at all. Four years ago I began the use of Grape-Nuts, and since the first dish I have never had an attack of the old trouble. I take four tablespoonfuls once a day with my supper, which is composed only of whole wheat bread and the Grape-Nuts."
"The wonderful part of my case is that I have never had an attack or even any of the dreadful symptoms since the very first meal of Grape-Nuts. Most of my patients know how suddenly and promptly Grape-Nuts cured me, and I have prescribed the food, with good results in many cases." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.
Grape-Nuts is regularly prescribed in place of medicine by many physicians for stomach or intestinal trouble, lack of nourishment, brain fog and nervous prostration. The result usually shows immediate improvement and a speedy, complete cure.
"Ten days' trial of Grape-Nuts in place of starch foods works wonders. There's a reason."
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get rid of the wife he had already got, and found himself in a very awkward position. The historians, Anne was a fair, dashing girl, who knew how to tell the time at a glance, and was very accomplished in other ways. Henry had a little doubt that she knew she had got a soft thing in Henry, and, finding that he was a marrying man, she played her cards accordingly. Things came to a head one day when the Queen strolled into the room just as Henry was telling Anne that he wished he was single for her sake, and though Henry afterwards found fault with the Queen's conduct, the Queen drew her own conclusions. After that Henry lost patience and applied to the Pope for a divorce, so that he could marry Anne Boleyn. Henry was waiting for the Pope's decision, and Anne and Henry were secretly married, and there were no cards, by request. This interesting little escapade was affixed by the legal system to the fact that Catherine's marriage had been void all the time, and that Henry was really a single man when he took Anne Boleyn to wife.

Henry learnt something from this declaration. He was not a particularly constant lover, and the day came when the fair Anne Boleyn ceased to amuse him. He then remembered that the wedding hadn't been so regular as might have been desired, and he got one of his bishops to declare that a matter of fact, Henry had never really been married at all, but had been a single man all his life. By a series of most unfortunate mistakes he had been led to believe on two occasions that he was a married man when the facts had been quite otherwise. Many people sympathized with Henry in his affliction; while others said that as long as Anne Boleyn lived the King could not lawfully marry another. Henry took a guffaw of amusement at the idea that a simple thing like that could alter his determination to get married again. On a bright spring morning the fair Anne went out on the green, and bowed her head on the block, and a second later Henry was in a position to lay the facts before his opponents. He had got even with all sides, and the opinion that Henry had adopted was Henry's eloquent and conclusive reply to their objections that they had nothing to say for the moment. While they were thinking of a suitable comment Henry got married again, this time to Jane Seymour. As far as can be ascertained, Jane died of her own accord, within a year of her marriage, and though Henry was not a particularly loving creature called Anne of Cleves, and intimated that Henry could have her for the asking. Henry at once declared that he would marry the bride as per esteemed order, he wore the picture next to his heart night and day. Shortly after the wedding, however, Henry began to understand the usual differences arose between a bride and her husband. He took Anne up to the picture and compared notes, and then Anne admitted that she had bought the portrait in a back street of Amsterdam, and had sent it to Henry as a gift. He heard that he was such a dasher with the girls. After having cautioned Anne that anything she might say would be taken down and used in evidence against him, Henry wrote to a bishop enclosing stamped envelope for reply, and asked for one divorce ready for use, by return of post.

Henry, finding himself once again either a single man or a widower, or something of that sort, invited Katharine Howard to step up and toe the line with him at the altar. A year or two later, however, Henry began to pine for the joys of single life again, and as he was strictly and religiously faithful in matrimonial matters, he had to face the bitter truth that nothing but the fair Katharine's death could make him a really reliable widower. Katharine was, therefore, pushed out on to Tower Green one summer's afternoon, and was executed by beheading. Henry's last wife was Katharine Parr, a lady who knew her way about fairly well. She was not divorced and she did not die during Henry's lifetime. The historians do not seem quite to know how it happened; but the theory is that shortly after this marriage the usual differences arose between Henry and his bride, and the usual alternatives of divorce or a premature funeral were offered to the lady. Nothing is known for certain, but it is assumed that Katharine, being a very plump something thick into Henry's tea, with the remark that if there had got to be a death in the family, it was his turn this time, and not before it was due either.

Henry's reign was remarkable for many things that have influenced our national life; but he spent so much time getting married and unmarried that these events quite overshadowed the other incidents of his reign.—"Pick-Me-Up."

The Sunday Night Beau.

NO statistics are obtainable upon the subject, but if married men would only own up, we should find that it was on Sunday that it first occurred to them that they were lone, lorn bachelors, and that they had got to get married, or else they were good for man to be alone. Nor is this hard to explain. Man has never been able to distinguish between religion and love. The workings of grace in him have always been the workings of love in his heart. When he is pious he wants to propose, and when he is uplifted by the Sabbath calm and peace he feels that he can let his neighbor see him especially if she is young and pretty, and he forthwith asks her to marry him. Moreover, there is in Sunday evenings a certain home-sick quality that every man has felt, but no one can account for, that makes club ashes in his teeth, and men's society, no matter how brilliant, pall upon him, and the search for a girl who is not only nice, quiet, sympathetic girl, to whom he can explain his beautiful emotions, and who, in the process of time, he finds himself escorting to the altar.

Of course men call upon other nights than Sunday, and girls joyfully receive their visits. Men are not cognizant of any occult connection between the days of the week and their sexual life, but a fairly popular girl can make out a calendar of her beaux, from the nights they come a-visiting, and tell you with almost exact certainty what they will do. And there you are, as Mr. Henry James says when he digs up the unpleasant.



We Eat Too Much
We eat too fast, we exercise too little, we overwork our nerves. The stomach and bowels get clogged. (Constipation.) The liver gets upset. (Biliousness.) And attending these two simple ailments come all kinds of diseases and complications.

Hunyad Janos
Nature's Laxative Water
CURES ALL LAXATIVE TROUBLES
Dose: Half a Tumbler on Rising

of reasons—force of habit; because he was a married man, and he was cooking, or because he was quarrelled with his best girl and wants somebody to sympathize with him and tell him how to square himself. The Monday night beau regards his Monday night girl as a sister, without a sister's fatal candor, and is so little sentimental that the family never think of getting out of his way and giving him a change. The Tuesday night beau is the duty beau. He calls upon you because he must, because he owes you a dinner visit, or an opera box call, or because he doesn't want his name scratched when you make out your invitation lists for the winter, or the week's end in the summer. His visit is absolutely impersonal. He would just as soon talk to your mother, or your schoolgirl sister, or a store dummy, and the conversation is nice and unexciting, and what they call "elegant" in female seminaries. You discuss the weather, whether it has been a gay season or a dull one, were you at the Blank reception, the sensational engagement of your dearest enemy, the last new ball, and the last new play, and then he tears himself away and goes on his heroic round of duty.

The Wednesday night beau is the candy and violets and theater beau. He wouldn't pass without a prudent him, and sometimes it's pretty hard to live with him, but he is generally more interested in a girl's appetite than he is in her heart. He's generous and he's a good fellow, and he adores making women happy, and giving them a good time, but he has no deep designs on your heart. You never find sentimental notes hidden in his roses or candy, or have him whisper impassioned words of love over a lobster. He loves the sex as a sex, but not as individuals. If he could marry a hundred wives he would be a marrying man, but as he can't, he is rather apt not to marry at all.

The Thursday night beau is what may be called, for want of a better term, the rusher, and his attentions are equivalent to a certificate of acknowledged belatedness. There are certain men who never pay a girl any attention until they have to fight their way to her theater chair, and because they don't dance with her to save her life, until she is so besieged with partners that she has to cut every dance into homeopathic particles.

The Friday and Saturday night beau are the universal beaux, the sort of young men to whom a peach, whether it is on the top of a tree or in a basket, is a piece of red mosquito netting over it, a simple peach is, and nothing more, and who may be trusted to make love to every woman under 70 that they meet. They do this not because they are in earnest, but because they are under the impression that you have to make love to a woman, like you have to shake a rattle before a baby, to keep it quiet. Also, their conversations are so limited, and whether they come to see you and spend the evening, or you sit out a dance with them under the palms in the conservatory, they are so human and so sane, because they are things about life being a howling desert without you, and you, putting your little hand in theirs, etc.

How different from these is the Sunday night beau, and how he shines by contrast! Perhaps he began by being a Monday night beau, or even a frivolous Thursday nighter, but he has gradually worked up to Sunday night, and even a blind woman can see what is coming. At last the climax has arrived. You have spent a nice, quiet, calm, uplifting hour in the back parlor, with the red-shaded lamp throwing its benediction over your complexion, and you have talked of soulful things and worked up to the crucial point and he asks you if you won't sing something, and you go over to the piano. Thank heaven, that on Sunday coon songs and rag-time are barred, and so you idly turn over the music until you find "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," and you sing a verse and break down, and he clears his throat and—

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Unusual Response.
Mr. Warden Allan Curtis, who achieved success with "The Str. Adventures of Mr. Middleton," his publishers informed him of a "Critic's" desire for his photograph in the following fashion: "I am at a loss how to take an unconventional picture. The picture in the 'Critic' always seemed to

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unconventional that they were very conventional, that the strained effects and attitudes were less pleasing than a frankly stiff pose with a pair of callipers holding the head up and the eyes bent on the location of the 'birdie'. The picture you have is the only one I have had since '94. Perhaps you can suggest some sort of a pose. I can borrow a very engaging build, black, with a fine white shirt front and most respectable looking. I could wear a battered hat or be taken in a shirt waist. I don't smoke, so can't be viewed in the pleasing abandon of gripping a cob pipe between my teeth or holding a saloon cigarette between my fingers. Really, the unconventional poses of conventionality are closed to me. I can't have my hands in my trousers pockets, for I never have trousers pockets for the very purpose of not concealing addictions to that habit. I suppose about the only thing open to me is to wear a coat without a vest and a straw hat, or a smashed-up felt hat, or a cap, perhaps throw the bull-dog in the foreground, though he is not natural, and I prefer cats

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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DURING this week the fair attraction at the Princess Theater has been Miss Marie Cahill in the musical comedy, "Nancy Brown," which came to Toronto with the doubtful recommendation of having been immensely popular with the "four hundred" in little old New York. The musical comedy as a form of theatrical entertainment has lately been adversely criticized by no other comedian than Mr. George Grossmith himself, who seems to consider that it is usurping the place of legitimate comedy. But so long as the public is given such food for laughter as Toronto has been supplied with for the last fortnight, there will be no objections made as to the name given the dish. So long as we depart in the mood of "Sunny Jim," it matters not what label the package bears. The wildest blizzard that ever blizzed swept in graceful curves around the corners of Toronto the Balm, and the boldest was obliged to hold his breath several times. But sweet Marie made one forget that the breezes were straying among the lonely pines and that February was saying the saddest of all words in the coldest of tones. In spite of all that the weather was doing, there was a good crowd at the Princess last Monday night, and there were also street cars after the play. Miss Marie Cahill is not slender, is not exactly pretty, but she is the most fetching mixture of blue eyes, golden hair and coaxing voice that has appeared to gladden the season. An adjective which is dear to the matinee girl—I refer to the mystic monosyllable, "cute"—is used by nearly every one in describing Miss Cahill, and it seems to suit the lady. She has a smile so irresistible that it must be Irish and her ways are ways of pleasantness. It is idle to discuss the plot, because no musical comedy has a plot worth speaking about, and the music—well, it is decidedly "coony," although the "Drinking Song," "I could be happy with either one," and the "Congo Love Song" are decidedly taking, while "A Wise Old Owl" is worth dancing to. The Bey of Ballyhoo, otherwise Mr. H. W. Trednick, is a jolly old Eastern potentate with whose manners we are all familiar. Noah Little, a New York "commercial gentleman," is played in sprightly fashion by Mr. Alf Grant. Of a quartette of foreign noblemen, Count Fromage de Brie, as played by Mr. George Beban, is a most amusing creature. The Englishman, however, is very poorly done—Mr. George J. Damerel ought to take lessons from the Earl of Pawtucket, while Mr. Harry Burgess, as the Grand Duke Drinkamutchsky, is the poorest and stiffest Russian that ever took a drinkovitch. Vanderhyphen Jenks, the only son of a dotting mother, is cleverly portrayed by Mr. Roy Atwell, who is a model of stupidity, even when in love with Miss Muriel. Mr. Julius Steger is a crown prince with a good voice that should have a better chance than is given in the song about the soldier and his charms. But Miss Marie Cahill is the best and brightest feature of the comedy, which is sparkling and refreshing, and—thanks for this unusual circumstance—not too long.

At the Grand Opera House, the old-time play, "My Aunt Bridget," was revived this week, with Mr. George Monroe as the hero, and attracted those who never weary of the good old days, and who can greet with perennial mirth the jokes of "auld lang syne." Mr. Monroe is the same "George," with a few extra pounds, who proved entertaining in the past. The plot is hardly in evidence, but the specialties prove a strong attraction, the dancing and singing turn by Joe and Nellie Doner being a popular feature. "The Japanese Vivandieres" was a seasonable and well-received number.

Blessings be upon the head of "A Country Girl"! It is the "maddest, merriest" musical play that ever came over from old London to make us forget influenza, coal bills, and the rent, to laugh consumedly for three hours over Barry and his friends. Since the merry days and nights of Flipper we have had no such delightful person as fleet-footed, auburn-haired Barry, who, by the way, is Mr. John Harvin. "A Country Girl" has been here twice during this theatrical season, and Toronto could easily stand it again before June, since it divides honors with "The Yankee Consul," and many of us would give it first place. The music is bright and tuneful, without being a series of reminiscences, as so many of the modern scores prove to be. Miss Deyo is a bewitching modiste, Sophie, who wins her way into "high society" and shines therein; Miss Alice Mallyn is the country girl, Marjorie, whose cooing love song you cannot get out of your head, while Devonshire Nan is coquettishly played by Miss Helen Marvin, who is as roguish a maid as ever romped in the "county of easy kisses, the pleasantest under the sun." The part of Princess Melanah of Bhong is played in stately, imperial fashion by Miss Genevieve Finlay, whose voice is sweet and clear. Mr. Hallen Mostyn is an Anglo-Indian Rajah, whose song about the peaceful valley of Bhong, with Chamberlain-Aylesworth-Parkdale encores, makes a most decided hit. The chick song of Barry and Sophie is, however, the brightest bit of melody in the play, and drives dull care to the remotest corners of the earth. The crowds at the Princess Theater last week showed how thoroughly Toronto appreciates bright music and real fun, while he would be a churl indeed who could say aught but good words for "A Country Girl."

Those inimitable colored gentlemen, Messrs. Cole and Johnson, are at Shea's this week, and despite the wretched weather, commenced their visit with a splendid house. These artists render a choice programme. They seem to get more music out of ordinary things than any other performers who favor us with their presence at Shea's. The long chap (Mr. Bob Cole) sings a coon song as it should be sung. The selection by Mr. Johnson, "Paderewski's Minuet," was given with artistic vigor and fire, delicate touch and wonderful tone, while the accompaniments to the different vocal numbers seemed overflowing with richness and melody. The singing and dancing team, Pierce and Maizee, present a refined and beautifully costumed act. One of them must certainly have had money to burn—as the other, a triumph of the modiste's art. Mr. Pierce, a tenor voice, and if he'd only sing a really clever little comedienne, somewhat affected, an artiste.



Miss Marjory Race in "Peggy from Paris."

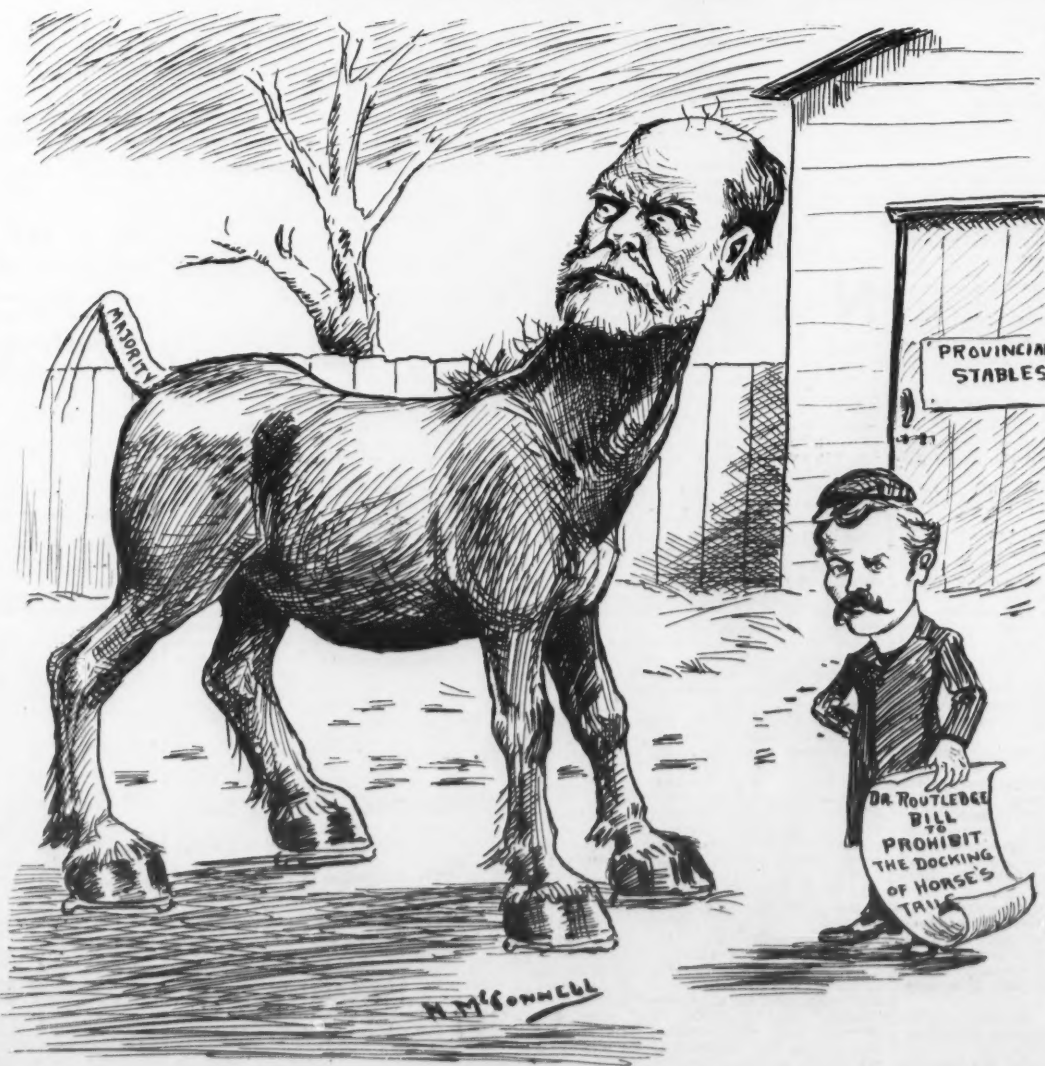
The selection of lines pertaining to "Rosa" was rendered with ability and sentiment worthy of something of a better order. Trovallo combines ventriloquism with many other interesting features, which together make the best act of its kind ever seen here. Lavender and Tomison's skit is a poor excuse. The repartee, if somewhat clever, is lost by "The Substitute's" lack of energy. Wake up, old man, and put some ginger in your work. Your partner is worthy of better assistance. If George Wood were to be taken ill I am afraid he would have to do without medical assistance. He gives an original and remarkably clever monologue, but a daring one. George wants to get up before a houseful of '04 Meds. Then there'd be something doing. "The Vaudeville Exchange" by Watson Hutchings, Edwards & Co. isn't what it's cracked up to be. Harry Watson as Hans is good, and Miss Hutchings does some clever quick-change work. The thing is spoiled by the crazy finale. The show is concluded with Silvan (equilibrist) and the pictures, which are much better this week.

If accounts from other cities may be accepted as a gauge, there will be an abundance of wit and merriment at the Princess Theater next week, for "Peggy from Paris" will be the attraction, and of this musical comedy praises have come from many quarters. "Peggy from Paris" is a creature from the pen of the widely known humorist, George Ade, whose clever originality has won a host of admirers. His writings have furnished keen enjoyment, and it has been asserted that in his latest musical comedy his humor pervades the lines and speeches and the situations as well. The music for the play was written by William Loraine, composer of "Salome" and "Zamora," hence there is reasonable assurance of pretty and graceful melodies. That Mr. Ade and Mr. Loraine have built a musical comedy that has caught popular fancy is attested by the hit it has made. It ran for four months in Chicago, for five months in Boston, and has recently ended a run of three months at Wallack's Theater, New York, where it was beyond question one of the successes of the season. "Peggy from Paris" comes to Toronto fresh from its New York engagement. The story is told in a prologue and two acts, and it is related that "Peggy from Paris" has more of a real story than is usual in musical plays. The company numbers such well-known players as Misses Claude Albright, Josie Sadler, Guelma Baker, Helen Hale, Alice Hageman, Olive Haynes, Messrs. George Richards, Arthur Deagon, Paul Nicholson.

Jacques Kruger, Harold Crane, E. H. O'Connor, Dan Baker, Samuel Chadwick, Harry Benham, and many others. "Peggy from Paris" will be at the Princess all the week, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

The English Pony Ballet will be one of the leading features at Shea's next week. This is said to be the best dancing act vaudeville has produced. There are so many favorites on the bill that it would be hard to pick the special features. George C. Boniface and Bertha Waltzinger will be another feature of the show. They will offer a one-act comedy entitled "The Woman Who Hesitates is Won." The sketch in which they are now appearing was written by Louis Delang. Miss Waltzinger has one of the best voices on the stage to-day. Sager Midgeley and Gertrude Carlisle will appear in their original edition of the Sammie and Sara series, entitled "After School." Sager Midgeley has probably the best country kid character of the time and every word he utters is funny. The Four Holloways, who are without doubt the greatest wire performers in the world, will thrill everybody with their sensational feats on the tight wire. Musical Dale, who stands alone and unrivaled in his artistic musical offerings, will be another favorite on the bill. His delicate treatment of difficult instruments has made him extremely popular in Toronto and other vaudeville towns. Louise Dresser, whose beauty alone would command the attention of an audience, has the added charm of an extremely good voice and a clever way of presenting things to an audience. Jack Norworth, with a lot of new stories and songs, will make everybody laugh. Johnson, Davenport and Lorella complete an exceptionally big bill of favorites.

The T. M. A. benefit, under the patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, will take place at the Princess Theater on Friday afternoon, March 11th, when will be presented one of the best entertainments of the season. The programme will embrace attractions from the dearest theaters, and many special features, including an orchestra of sixty pieces, which will open the entertainment by playing the first overture on the stage. Another feature will be the handsome souvenir to be given away at the box office. The sale of reserved seats will open Monday morning next at nine o'clock at the Princess Theater.



War Horse Ross—Ah, mon! Routledge, I wish your bill had carried.

Society at the Capital.

ALTHOUGH Lent to a certain extent shuts out the more lively type of entertainment, that is to say, balls and dances, yet, judging by the number of smaller functions given in Ottawa of late, its restrictions are not of a very obdurate character. On summing up the festivities of the past week, luncheons seem to have been in the majority, and on Tuesday Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber entertained at an exceedingly enjoyable party of this kind for Miss Corbould of New Westminster, when her guests were Mrs. Colborne Meredith, Miss Helen Thompson of Toronto, Miss Molly Cartwright, Miss Borden, Miss Honor Clayton, Miss Sparks, Miss Jessie Gilmour, Miss Blair, Miss Crombie and Miss Elsie Ritchie. Another very recherche luncheon in honor of the same guest was given by Mrs. Crombie on Thursday, when a merry party of young girls was invited to meet Miss Corbould. On Friday there were three luncheons, Mrs. John Gilmour being the hostess at one in honor of her sister, Miss Amy McLimont of Montreal, when twenty guests were present. Miss May Griffin also entertained ten young people at a cosy little luncheon on the same day, when her guest of honor was Miss Helen Thompson of Toronto, and those invited to meet her were Miss Sara Sparks, Miss E. Borden, Miss Howland, Miss Louie Gemmill, Miss Gladys Irwin, Miss Helen Scarth, Miss Grant and Miss Alice Fitzpatrick. Friday's third luncheon party was that at which Mrs. Gemmill of Cliffside entertained some of her married lady friends, who included Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Bronson, Mrs. Machado, Mrs. Reginald Daly, Mrs. Toller, Mrs. Arthur Kohl and several others.

Dinner parties were also a popular mode of entertainment during the week, and the first was on Tuesday, to which Hon. Sidney Fisher, who is one of the most popular and indefatigable hosts in the Capital, invited the Earl of Dundonald, Major and Mrs. Maude, Colonel and Mrs. J. Lyons Biggar, Colonel and Mrs. Victor Rivers, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pope, Mrs. Cheney and Miss Griffin. Like all Mr. Fisher's entertainments, it was most enjoyable. Three of the popular visitors in Ottawa were the guests of honor at a "girls' dinner" given by Mrs. Robert Gill on Monday, when Miss Corbould, Miss Helen Thompson and Miss Naomi Temple shared the honors and ten of the Capital's brightest society girls were invited to meet them. Miss Temple had postponed her departure from Ottawa and did not leave until Thursday, when she went as far as New York with Mrs. H. K. Egan, Mrs. Gill and Miss Thistle, who, like so many, have gone to Atlantic City to avoid the stormy weather of the month of March.

Mr. and Mrs. James Woods and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Edwards have also joined in the exodus from this arctic climate and have left for Atlantic City and other points in the Southern States, where they expect to remain until Easter. Mrs. J. B. Fraser and Miss Isobel Fraser are intending to leave on Tuesday for the more balmy climate of Atlantic City.

The hockey match between the Ottawas and Marlboros of Toronto was the cause of many pleasant little gatherings after the game and one of the jolliest suppers of the season was that given by Mrs. Drummond Hogg on Tuesday night when Dr. Arthur Wright was her guest and she invited a merry party of young people to meet him, including the following: Miss Evelyn Willett of Montreal, Miss Marion Lindsay, Miss Vera Toller, Miss Isobel White, Miss Carrie MacLaren, Miss Marjorie Blair, Messrs. Sam McDougall, H. Christie, J. Toller, H. Hutchinson, S. Gilmour and several others.

Teas, although few, have not been entirely out of the running and several small and informal ones have come off. Mrs. James MacLaren was the hostess at a "girls' tea" on Wednesday in her pretty new home in Kent street. Mrs. Clayton invited a number of ladies on Thursday at the tea-hour to meet Mrs. Bruce Carruthers. Captain Carruthers has just received a military appointment in connection with the new Signal Corps, which Ottawans are hoping will necessitate the removal of Captain and Mrs. Carruthers from Kingston to Ottawa to reside.

Lady Cartwright was the hostess at a most enjoyable gathering on Tuesday evening, which combined a bridge party and a musicale, which proved a very charming innovation. Miss Amy McLimont was the guest of honor on this occasion and those invited were Dr. and Mrs. Gibson, Colonel and Mrs. Denny, Miss Helen Thompson, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Beatrice Ritchie, Miss Honor Clayton, and Miss Jessie Gilmour, the two latter contributing largely to the pleasure of the evening. Miss Gilmour with her sweet singing and Miss Clayton with numerous selections on the violin. Other guests were Mr. D. C. Campbell, Mr. E. T. B. Gilmore, Mr. Coates and Mr. Tom Gordon.

The members of the Ottawa Hockey Club are very busy nowadays arranging for the coming grand carnival which it is proposed to hold shortly in Aberdeen Park, and which will be one of the grandest of the kind ever held in Canada. As it is now so late in the season the arrangements will have to be completed in a very short time and a meeting was held at Mrs. John Gilmour's on Wednesday, when a number of ladies met the committee and it was decided to divide the carnival into various courts. The following ladies consented to take charge of the different divisions: Mrs. John Gilmour has had the Riding Court allotted to her management; Mrs. Victor Rivers will look after the Japanese Court; Mrs. George Murphy the Dutch Court; Mrs. Lyons Biggar the Chess Court; Mrs. D'Arcy Scott the Golf Court; Mrs. Glyn Osler the Gipsy Court, while Military Courts will be arranged by Mrs. Maynard Rogers, Mrs. Colborne Meredith and Mrs. Robert Brown. The usual grand march, which always starts the ball rolling on these occasions, will be led by His Excellency and Lady Minto, the members of the respective courts skating together. It is expected that there will be a great deal of competition between the ladies who will manage the courts, as prizes are to be presented for the best arranged courts and also to the pair whose costumes are considered to be the most artistic. The date of the carnival will depend a good deal on the state of the weather, but if a thaw does not show signs of immediate arrival, the 14th of March will be fixed upon. However, in case of a mild spell, an earlier date will be chosen.

The last of the very enjoyable series of skating parties at Government House came off on Saturday afternoon, when the "world and his wife" turned out, owing no doubt to the fact that it was to be the last, and as far as the weather was concerned, nothing better could have been desired. Before the party broke up a photograph was taken of a large group in front of the ice palace, which is still as perfect as the day it was built. It is probable, if the cold weather still continues, there will be many an informal skating party at Government House yet before the close of the season.

Ottawa, Feb. 29th, 1904.

THE CHAPERONE.

Birch Creek Canon.

By shadowed banks the water murmurs on,
Where shelving ledges shut the light away,
With glitters from the darkness come and gone,
And ripples gleaming out against the day,
And silver flash of fins, where lurking trout
From the green shadow of the ledge leap out.

A black birch swings its lustrous branches down,
Flecking the sunlight through its checkered screen,
Above the boulders mossed with lichens brown,
And fallen leaves, and starry tufts of green.
On either slope the serried fir trees wait,
Rank after rank, to guard the canon gate.

(O my heart's heart, beyond that guarded wall
A world of struggle lies between us still;
Yet you are here! I felt your shadow fall
But now across the grassy sunlit hill,
And where the fir-boughs under interlace
Could I but venture, I should find your face.)

MABEL EARLE.

Patti's Farewell Tour.

In the course of one of Adeline Patti's last tours in the United States, the following preliminary notice was published by a certain Western editor: "Madame Patti Nicolini, the eminent vocalist and farwellist, will come to us for positively the last time next year. All those who expect to die before the year after next will do well to hear the human nightingale on this trip, for Patti never says good-bye twice in the same year, and to die without hearing her strike her high two-thousand-dollar note is to seek the hereafter in woeful ignorance of the heights to which a woman with good lungs, a castle in Wales, and who uses only one kind of soap, can soar when she tries."

The Quatrain.

Four lines with but a single thought,
Or maybe without any;
Two rhymes that render one distraught—
A poem for a penny.—"The Reader."

By the Way.

By CANADIENNE.

THE DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPIRE have entered upon a new activity that promises interest for Young Canada. Already, "Children's Chapters" have been formed as a junior branch of the order, and a system of correspondence is being arranged between children in this country and those in other parts of the Empire. Patriotic programmes have been prepared to be used in schools on the last Friday in the month, with the approval of the Minister of Education. Last month, a definition of Imperialism, a sketch of the careers of Beaconsfield and Gladstone, and of such sturdy Canadians as Dr. Ryerson, Hon. Robert Baldwin and Sir John A. Macdonald, with readings of "Brief Biographies" and "The Man Without a Country" should have furnished variety and instruction for the closing Friday. The programme, as a whole, is stimulating and informing, while in contemplating its introduction it is well to consider these sentences from an editorial article in the "News": "The justification of introducing the subject of Canada's relations with the Empire into the schools will depend upon the manner of treatment and the spirit which animates the teaching body. It will never do to have politics in the schools. Handled with judgment and knowledge, there is no necessary connection between a consideration of Imperial interests and the dangerous controversies that arise from political discussion." There are, of course, certain critics who, taking the view that Imperialism means brag and bluster, fear that Canadian youngsters, after a course of these programmes, will become jingoistic nuisances, flourishing the flag on all occasions and giving orations on Nelson and Cecil Rhodes on the slightest provocation. On the contrary, a sensible and systematic study of our Empire's development and of the careers of "the men of little showing" who have worked in the far corners of Asia, Africa and America for that Empire ought to steady youthful patriotism and enable each young Canadian to give a reason for the loyal faith that is in him. Anything of a "party" character should be rigidly excluded, as there is no question that Canada "has more politics to the square inch than any other country." But can any one imagine better training towards broad ideas concerning Canada's development than the consideration of two such widely different statesmen as Hon. Robert Baldwin and Sir John A. Macdonald? Everything depends on our teachers, in this regard, and most of us have sufficient confidence in their ability and judgment to believe that they will carry out these programmes with intelligence and enthusiasm. We belong to the British Empire and we are not ashamed of the connection. There is every reason why Canadian children should learn something about Australia, New Zealand, India and South Africa. I only wish that the Daughters of the Empire had been in existence in my childhood, for I should have brighter memories of the teaching of Canadian history. As it is, I recall a musty, dusty "dominie" who asked interminable questions about the "Rebellion Losses Bill" and the terms of the "British North America Act," all of which I was obliged to write out after school for reading "The Last of the Mohicans" when I should have been "paying attention." The plan for correspondence is excellent, introducing a bright human element such as no text-book could supply. Think of a small boy in Toronto exchanging letters with another small boy in Auckland and learning in that way about the place that is "last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart!" In the past, we Canadians have not erred on the side of over-acquaintance with our country's and our Empire's history. There is no need for becoming arrogant and boastful, but there are serious reasons for realizing the extent and resources of the lands where the Union Jack is flying. The Daughters of the Empire are to be congratulated on the good sense and patriotic spirit with which they have inaugurated this movement.

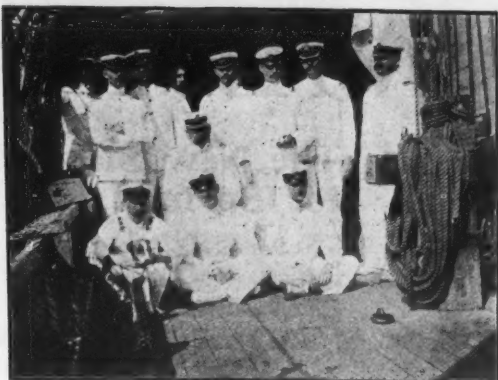
If there is a person to be avoided it is he or she who makes a boast of "candor" and "frankness," loudly asserting, "I say just what I mean." I'll never go behind your back to say what I think. . . . Well, I always did believe in plain speaking. The people who insist on giving an honest opinion, who say just what they think, and pride themselves on so doing, should be led out and shot. They are the unpleasant creatures who, not content with calling a spade a spade, are always flourishing that uninteresting implement and insisting that its ugliness and worth should be recognized. Jerome K. Jerome said a very wise thing when he declared, "I don't care what a person says behind my back, so long as he is agreeable to my face." What does it matter about the things said about us when we are absent? If we think that we are being unpleasantly discussed, why, we can amuse ourselves after the same fashion. Life is entirely too short for us to spend any of its fleeting moments in worrying over the disagreeable things we do not hear. But when the candid person arrives and begins to tell us plain and wholesome truths for our soul's good we feel that it is not pleasant to be alive and that the sunshine has suddenly become obscured. But there is a way of silencing and banishing the candid person. Become frank yourself. Tell the sincere and unpalatable acquaintance that he made an awful break in his speech on the rise in cotton, or, if the frank person belongs to the other sex, inform her that you cannot understand why she wears mauve, because it is so trying to a fallow complexion. There will be a brief unpleasantness, but a respite will follow. The candid friend never will take his own medicine, and the only way to work a cure is to force a dose upon him.

The case of the United States Government against Helen Welman-Post, the "mental-science healer," on a charge of fraudulently using the mails, is attracting some attention, owing to the extreme loftiness of sentiment expressed by the lady. She received thousands of letters from persons desirous of being treated, and these epistles, it is said, were answered by clerks according to this form: "Look to me with quiet trust, and there will come to you a vitalizing stream of life, and you will feel, oh, so good. When I bring to your mind the sweet consciousness of your oneness with eternal life, you will experience a joy that you have never known," etc., etc. We have known similar healers in Toronto who did their business on a smaller scale, but who nevertheless made a comfortable little pile before returning to the great republic. I know of a Toronto woman who became extremely nervous and hysterical and who finally sought the services of a person with psychic frills whose conversation was flavored with Buddhism and Omar Khayyam. She gave to the nervous lady a card with certain texts inscribed thereon, such as "You are part of the Eternity," "You are soul," "The Divine dwells in you," and gave instructions that the hysterical person was to survey these daily for half an hour. The "patient" had a nice little account to pay and was so ridiculed by her unsympathetic family, who refused to see the sublimity of the texts, that the last state of that lady was much more hysterical than the first. It was a toiling Irishman who said in envy, "for a nice, clane, aisy job, I'd like to be a bishop." But for easy gains from easy people the profession of "healer" seems to be far ahead of anything else. It requires fluency, some imagination and, above all, tact—which is said to be the sense of touch to a refined degree.

Items of Sport.

THOSE who did not see the Ottawa-Marlboro hockey games, or who have no practical knowledge of hockey as she is played in the Capital City, cannot fully conceive what it means to play the man instead of the puck—in Ottawa. Here when a man plays the man instead of the puck, he makes a half-hearted stab at the puck with his stick and brings the oncoming player up all standing with a solid body play. For that an alert referee will put him to the fence if he is fully convinced that the player's intention was to get the player and not the black disc. Down in Ottawa it is not only regarded as legitimate play, but a straight body check is looked upon as a very mild method of stopping a man. Down in Ottawa the stick is almost invariably used to stop a man, the cross-check in the most deliberate manner in the throat and face, or the butt is rammed into his solar plexus, neck or jaw without the least compunction. To such work the referee pays not the slightest attention. Neither does he worry himself when one player lifts another off the ice six feet out from the boards and pins him to the wood by following the jolt up with a headlong dive into his helpless opponent, using his stick semi-spear fashion. A chop over the toes or a deliberate stroke at the easily injured knee or the fingers is, too, passed over. In fact about the only thing an eastern referee will bench a player for is for an open swing with his stick at a man's head or for punching with his fists.

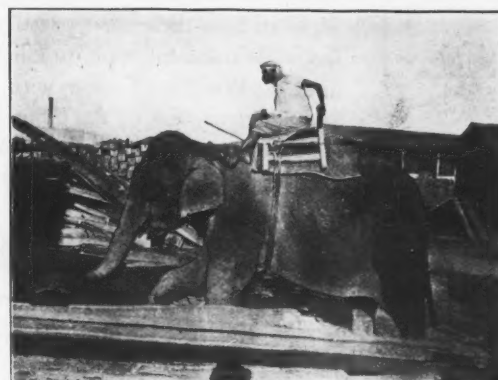
Here, where the men play for the puck and consequently play hockey, any one of these offences would be severely punished. A cross-check is good for three minutes' rest, and so is



Hugli Pilots.



Hindu Servants.



Elephant Piling Teak.



Camp at Fort Defence.

A Glimpse of India.

THESE four pictures are like bits of Kipling by way of the camera. First and foremost there is a group of "Hugli Pilots," who are called, in "From Sea to Sea," by the resounding title, "those splendid gentlemen." Then come the dusky servants who are thus described by the "Captain" himself: "The man on your left is my bearer (valet); he looks after my clothes, but would on no account carry a plate with an egg on it, tho' he brings chota-hazri (our early small breakfast of tea and toast). This man is a Hindu, and when he shuffles off this mortal coil is burnt! The old man next to him is my khitmatgar or table servant. He accompanies me wherever I go, but is getting too old for the work. Next to him is the Durwan—he keeps the gate, admits visitors, keeps out undesirables and will go messages or carry anything not heavier than a letter. Next is the syce (groom) . . . and next to him and apart is the sweeper, a man of the lowest caste. You will not that the others will not stand

a straight body check, while the use of the butt of the stick with a deliberate intention to injure would likely be punished by a ten-minute penalty if not, indeed, by expulsion for the entire game. Ottawa always had a reputation for being a town where sport is rough. At rough-house tactics the Rough Riders were unbeatable on the gridiron, while what Ottawa lacrosse players don't know about dirty work isn't known elsewhere in Canada.

Someone said last fall, with an air of authority, that the day of the sailing dinghy was past, that its popularity would die out during the next three years. That authority is entitled to another guess. Sailing dinghies are going to be more popular than ever this year. All the builders are loaded to the muzzle with orders. They cannot turn these handy little mosquitoes out fast enough to meet the demand, and the nomination boards of local aquatic clubs are filled with names of new dinghy owners who desire to break into the royal sport via the dinghy route. Dinghies turned out more passable sailors last year in Ontario than any other class ever did in twice that length of time.

This new 16-foot knockabout class of the Lake Sailing Skiff Association "looks good" all the way around the circuit of the great lakes. Lake Ontario Corinthians, of course, like it because it is the product of their energy and experience and Lake Erie and Detroit yachtsmen are taking to it kindly. In the west small boat men are adopting it so readily because it fills a long felt want. These sailors have for some years recognized the necessity of something to restrict the indiscriminate building in small boat classes. Over Lake Erie and Lake Michigan small boat building has been largely a matter

of taste—every man to his own idea. The result was that racing was always unsatisfactory. Since the publication of the L. S. S. A. restrictions for the class, several Detroit men have started to build in the hope that international races may result. Over in Rochester, too, the class is taking hold with members who hope to take part in an international contest for a cup. In Toronto the class is booming in a healthy way. Designs from the best naval architects on this side of the Atlantic have been secured and the chances are for some superb cup racing, and afternoon brushes are anticipated. B. B. Crowninshield of Boston, the designer of "Constitution," the Boston scow with which Thomas Lawson made a bid for the honor of defending "America's" Cup against "Shamrock II." and "Illinois" of Chicago, the prospective "Canada's" Cup defender, has been asked to turn out lines for a boat for the class for Mr. Alex. Fasken of the legal firm of Beatty, Blackstock, Riddell & Fasken. Mr. Fasken is a member of the R.C.Y.C. He will have to stack his boat up against a boat in the same class designed by William Hand, jr., of New York, another prominent United States designer, and handled by Mr. George Gooderham, who formerly owned the well-known 16-footer "Zip." This boat is now being built under the personal supervision of George Gooderham. Both the R.C.Y.C. and R.C.Y.C. racing programmes take care of the new class. CORINTHIAN.

Up To Date.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed
Is silent, for the phonograph
Now grinds out tunes instead.



TWO OF A KIND.
Ollie—Urquhart beat me in 1903 by a plugged vote.
Billy—Well, how did you beat me in 1902?

Letter.

Dear Correspondent.)
I have made their reputation off the birthday of the first and most not last week, with every reminder tree. Curious, is it not, how this little . . . survived even Bunker Hill, and given example in the form of celebrating the nativity of this little . . . of an illustrious republic. . . . turkey's gizzard and cherries on his back. . . . cherries in our pudding and cherries in our millinery—cherries . . .
Yes, a cheery . . . and between cocktails we read again a crumpled . . . letter that does not often get into print for some reason. The entire letter is too long to quote in full, of course—any epistle of George Washington's would be—as space is now valued, but after duly explaining the situation and the dire need of his cause for ammunition before the advance could be made on Boston, he concludes:

"Under these circumstances and with these sentiments we have turned our eyes to you gentlemen for relief. We are informed that there is a very large magazine in your island under a very feeble guard. We would not wish to involve you in an opposition in which, from your situation, we should be unable to support you. We knew not, therefore, to what extent to solicit your assistance in availing ourselves of this supply, but if your favor and friendship to North America and its liberties have not been misrepresented, I persuade myself you may, consistently with your own safety, promote and further this scheme so as to give it the fairest chance of success. Be assured that, in this case, the whole power and exertion of my influence will be made with the honorable Continental Congress, that your island may not only be supplied with provisions, but experience every other mark of affection and friendship which the grateful citizens of a free country can bestow on its brethren and benefactors."

The style at least is courtly and diplomatic, and a distinct improvement on the scurvy methods of the recent coup d'état in Panama. One shudders to think how the present rough-rider President would have got at that powder. Besides, in common justice to Washington, it ought to be understood that the famous general did not then know that the incident in his father's study was to be his chief claim to posterity, else he undoubtedly would have acted with more prudent regard to the consistency of his future reputation.

If all accounts be true, any allusion to the weather is unpardonable in Toronto, but it may be of some consolation to you to know that conditions over which the genial director of your Meteorological Office has no control have made us all sharers alike in this misery of cold. Some members of your Royal Astronomical Society will probably attribute the winter, as they did the summer, to coincidence of sun-spot or a shifting of the polar axis; but, however this may be, to plain people there is this satisfaction in possessing a record-breaking winter, and I am sure you will appreciate it in Canada. The "oldest inhabitant" sits very quiet and contemplative beside his fire, with nothing whatever to say. One cold wave has simply followed another with unremitting cruelty, and what with added winds, we have been clawed and torn most mercilessly. I have heard it stated that this winter has cost New York \$12,000,000 more than an ordinary one would, including extra coal consumption, charities and snow cleaning. Unfortunately, too, this city is wholly unprepared for such polar attacks and between bursting water pipes and gas pipes the plumbers have been finding gold nuggets under every snow-drift. Shipping is the worst sufferer on the whole, and at times communication has been entirely cut off with the mainland; and, while the world may not have appreciated it, this island of Manhattan has been as effectively isolated as if she had been cast in mid-ocean. At best the ferry service has been altogether unreliable, the Staten Island service particularly, with two of its boats already disabled by ice floes, offering nothing better sometimes than a two-hour trip. Some idea of the precarious state of the channel may be had from the experience of a liner the other day—one of the Wilson Line, I think, and, by the way, the steamer that sank the Bristol City so recently. This boat had only succeeded in cutting her way out to sea when she sprang a leak and had to put back for repairs. Drifting ice floes have in some instances torn vessels from their berths and sent them out helplessly into the current of mid-channel. Others, unable to steer their course, have been simply driven ashore, after tow-lines had been ineffectively tried over and over. The fate of a four-master, the "Interpolis," has in it perhaps the most melancholy irony of all. This ship left Honolulu eleven months ago and after encountering everything the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans had to offer in the way of weather, finally ran aground in sight of the harbor for which its long course was bound. And all this in New York, whose winters are commonly tempered with mercy! I mentioned one satisfaction a moment ago, but to a Canadian, resident hereabout, there has been another, a melancholy satisfaction perhaps, and a vindictive one; but until you have been asked a few times "what can be grown in Canada?" or "how far Toronto is from Hudson's Bay," as I have been, and once by a Bryn Mawr graduate at that, you will not appreciate the satisfaction and grim humor there is at sight of these shivering purple-nosed New Yorkers.

One might almost fancy himself in an Irish constituency these days, so vociferous has the cry of "Home Rule" become hereabout. And it may be Irish Home Rule at that, but on the surface it is the city of New York asking at the hands of the State Legislature a charter wide enough to control, among other things, the Sunday sale of liquor. Apparently municipal control does not go as far here as in the cities of Canada, the State holding the purse strings in some very important particulars. There is to be some relaxation in certain directions, but for political reasons the Government of New York State is not disposed to grant such control of the excise as is asked. Of course it is all a pretty little comedy, which everybody in and out of politics quite understands. The Republican hypocrite says that if this matter were left to the open vote of the city every saloon would be thrown open on Sunday. Now, you are very much too "serious" if you think Senator Platt or anyone else in politics cares a "single damn" whether saloons are open or not on Sunday, but they all care many damns for the party vote up State, which would not approve of this immoral legislation. Tammany, of course, wants Home Rule. His power would be increased thereby a hundred-fold, but Tammany, even for such a favor, is not going to make up to the Republicans the loss of the country vote that would inevitably follow.

J. E. W.

A Frosty Adieu.

Good-bye, Winter! Linger not
Round each chilled and barren spot;
Quite enough of you we've got.
Good-bye, Winter! Linger not.

Good-bye, Winter! Please get out.
We are sick of snow and gout.
"Rheumatism" and grippy bout.
Good-bye, Winter! Do get out.

Good-bye, Winter! Hang it all!
You possess a fearful gall.
Don't you know how long to call?
Good-bye, Winter! Hang it all!

Good-bye, Winter! Say adieu.
We are cold and mad and blue—
We've no further use for you.
Woody Winter! Here's adieu.

February 28th, 1904.

TORONTO.

A Chance for Him.

"Would you advise me to go west and grow up with the country?" asked the young man of an inquiring turn of mind. "You might go west and blow up with it," replied the disgusted citizen who had just returned from the cyclone belt.

He—Yes, city . . . and . . .
engaged to in . . .
remarkable men . . .
places you have, haven't you? "No—
for rings."

When Sir . . .
disputed, the new British Ambassador to
the United States . . .
asked you . . .
three "truly British God-speed
hurrah" . . .
ment Spaniard who was present
and heard . . .
remarked, "That union is what
makes the . . ."

Anecdotal.

William Butler Yeats, the dramatist and leader of the Irish revival, was besieged by a crowd of admirers when he first landed in New York. He was asked the inevitable question: "What do you think of the skyscrapers?" Mr. Yeats paused a moment and then said: "They are very wonderful, for no other man than that they make you sometimes look up at God's sky."

Walter Damrosch, at the rehearsal of "Parsifal," told a story of Heinrich Conried. "A certain opera woman," Mr. Damrosch said, "one evening had the temerity to before Herr Conried a nocturne that she didn't know at all. Afterward, as she was taking leave, she said to the master: 'I hope to be perfect in that nocturne the next time we meet.' Conried bowed and laughed. 'Oh,' he said, 'I hope we meet before that.'"

"If we ratify that canal treaty, what are you going to do for something to talk about?" asked Senator Spooner of Conried. "Oh," said Conried, "Providence will provide." "That," said Spooner, "reminds me of the man out in Wisconsin who went to a revival and was pressed to repent. He from a rivalist shouted, 'Probably He will, answered the sinner, 'but He ain't on that grand jury.'"

Lord Brampton, formerly Sir Henry Hawkins, the English judge, was presiding over a very long, tedious and uninteresting trial, and was listening, apparently with absorbed attention, to a protracted and wearying speech from an eminent counsel learned in law. Presently Sir Henry made a pencil memorandum, folded it, and sent it by the usher to the lawyer in question. This gentleman, on unfolding the paper, found these words written thereon: "Patience competition. Gold medal. Sir Henry Hawkins. Honorable mention. Job." Counsel's display of oratory came to an abrupt end.

Mark Twain stood looking at one of New York's skyscrapers and intimated that he had a suggestion to make to architects. "I suggest," he said, "that you place a cafe in the basement of these mammoth buildings. They should be placed on the roof. I would like to see a man travel heavenward for a drink when he can get it on the ground floor," exclaimed Twain's companion. "You forget that after taking a drink there would be no one efficient for taking a man's breath away as a rapid downward shoot in an elevator."

Dr. William Osler of Johns Hopkins is to superintend the rebuilding of Baltimore upon sanitary lines. A Johns Hopkins instructor said of him the other day: "When Dr. Osler was a student at the McGill University, in Montreal, he paused on the street one day beside a cow that had become stubborn and would not move along. He regarded the cow for some time. Then he took a box of pills from his pocket and gave one to the animal. The cow swallowed the pill willingly and then, at a break-neck speed, she made off down the road. The driver watched her disappear. Then he turned to young Osler and laughed strangely. 'I say, give me one of those pills will you?' he said. 'What for?' said Osler. 'Why,' returned the driver, 'I've got to follow that beast.'"

When Chauncey Depew was made president of the New York Central Railroad one of his first acts was to purchase a little road in the wilds of the Lake Ontario region. The train on this road had a reputation for wearying slowness. Farmers along the line were said to threaten suits for damages to their crops from being shaded by the slowly passing cars. One day Governor Hill met Mr. Depew in Albany, and said: "You folks seem to have made a great strike in your new road. I hear that one of the rules reads: 'Positively no drivers of switch or cattle allowed on track unless proceeding in the same direction as trains.' You've been misinformed, Governor," answered Mr. Depew. "They are not allowed on the track when in that case. Do you think we can afford to pay damages when they fall into the ditch while going by trains?"

Of the ex-Fire Commissioner Thomas Sturgis of New York a story has been recently circulating. This story, which is not sworn to, is to the effect that Mr. Sturgis, a few days after his appointment, boarded a train and sat down beside a fat man in the smoking car. The fat man took a cigar from his pocket and put it in his mouth. Then he struck a match, but before he could make use of it, Mr. Sturgis blew it out. The fat man glared at the Commissioner. But he said nothing, for he thought that perhaps the match had been blown out by accident. He lighted another match, regarding his companion closely as he did so. This time there could be no mistake. Mr. Sturgis leaned over, distended his cheeks, and—puff!—the match was out. "By jingo!" said the fat man. "This is the second time you have deliberately put out my match." "Pardon me," said Mr. Sturgis. "It is a habit of mine. I am the Fire Commissioner."

Back in the seventies, when Dewey had command of a ship of the old Hartford type, he was lying in the harbor off Genoa. Visitors were allowed on board at all times except Sunday morning, at which time inspection took place. One Sunday a well-known American millionaire steamed out with a party of friends in his private yacht and succeeded in getting on deck, where he was met by Captain Dewey, who asked him to leave. Mr. Money remonstrated, and, finally, expostulated.

The Book Shop.

Season of Lent

and the coming of Easter particularly suggest as gift books theological works, Bibles and Prayer Books.

We are showing some exceedingly beautiful Prayer-Books in the new India paper—and of immense and unique assortment at popular prices.

Wm. Tyrrell & Co. King Street West

business of the officer, he said, "I won't leave. I am a citizen, and have a right to be on this vessel. I am on my own property. This ship belongs to me!"

Zanetti, the magician, had been displaying his dexterity to an immense crowd of spectators in a Kenilworth town. Stepping forward, he said: "My next trick I will require a pint flask of whiskey. Will some gentleman in the audience accommodate me with the loan of a pint flask?" No one stirred. The magician was plainly nonplussed. With an appealing gesture he said: "I had received a different impression than this as to Kentucky customs. Perhaps you did not understand me? Will some gentleman kindly loan me a pint flask of whiskey?" Again there was no response, and, briefly apologizing, the magician said he would be compelled to omit this from his repertoire for that night. He was turning again to his table when a tall, lank man in the rear of the house rose and said: "Mistab," said he, "would a quart flask do as well?" producing a bottle of that capacity. "Just as well, sir," replied Zanetti. And every gentleman in the house rose with that size flask extended.

Only 5 Cents a Copy.

The "Four-Track News" for March. On sale all newsstands.

On the Witness Stand.

The cross-examiner was a smart man, whose object was to disconcert the witness and disconnect his testimony.

"What did you say your name was?"

"Michael Doherty,"

"Michael Doherty, eh? Now, Doherty, answer the question carefully. Are you a married man?"

"I think so. I was married."

"So you think because you got married that you are a married man, do you? Now tell me whom you married."

"Who I married? I married a woman."

"Now, don't you know better than to trifle with the court? Of course you married a woman; did you ever hear of anyone marrying a man?"

"Yes, my sister did."

Desperation!

First it snows and then it thaws. And then a rain is brewing; And then the doctor has you and You don't care what it does.

Washington "Star."

A Test Experiment.

Peculiar Power Possessed by a New Medicine.

Of new discoveries there is no end, but one of the most recent, most remarkable, and one which will prove invaluable to thousands of people, is a discovery which it is believed will take the place of all other remedies for the cure of those common and obstinate diseases, dyspepsia and stomach troubles. This discovery is not a loudly advertised, secret patent medicine, but a scientific combination of wholesome, perfectly harmless vegetable essences, fruit, salts, pure pepsin and bismuth.

When Chauncey Depew was made president of the New York Central Railroad one of his first acts was to purchase a little road in the wilds of the Lake Ontario region. The train on this road had a reputation for wearying slowness. Farmers along the line were said to threaten suits for damages to their crops from being shaded by the slowly passing cars. One day Governor Hill met Mr. Depew in Albany, and said: "You folks seem to have made a great strike in your new road. I hear that one of the rules reads: 'Positively no drivers of switch or cattle allowed on track unless proceeding in the same direction as trains.' You've been misinformed, Governor," answered Mr. Depew. "They are not allowed on the track when in that case. Do you think we can afford to pay damages when they fall into the ditch while going by trains?"

These remedies are combined in lozenge form, pleasant to take, and will preserve their good qualities indefinitely, whereas all liquid medicines rapidly lose whatever good qualities they may have had as soon as uncorked and exposed to the air.

This preparation is called Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, and it is claimed that one of these Tablets or lozenges will digest from 300 to 3,000 times its own weight of meat, eggs and other wholesome food. And this claim has been proven by actual experiments in the following manner: A hard-boiled egg cut into small pieces was placed in a bottle containing warm water heated to ninety-eight degrees for blood heat; one of these Tablets was then placed in the bottle and the proper temperature maintained for three hours and a half at the end of which time the egg was as completely digested as it would have been in a healthy stomach. This experiment was undertaken to demonstrate that what it would do in the bottle it would also do in the stomach, hence its unquestionable value in the cure of dyspepsia and weak digestion. Very few people are free from some form of indigestion, but scarcely two will have the same symptoms. Some will suffer most from distress after eating, bloating from gas in the stomach and bowels, others have acid dyspepsia or heartburn, others palpitation or headaches, sleeplessness, pains in chest and under shoulder-blades, extreme nervousness as in nervous dyspepsia, but they all have the same cause—failure to properly digest what is eaten. The stomach must have rest and assistance, and Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets give it both, by digesting the food for it and in a short time it is restored to its normal action and vigor.

At the same time the Tablets are so harmless that a child can take them with benefit. This new preparation has already made many astonishing cures, as, for instance, the following: "After using only one package of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets I have received such great and unexpected benefit that I wish to express my sincere gratitude. In fact it has been six months since I took the package and I have not had one particle of distress or difficulty since. And all this in the face of the fact that the best doctors I consulted told me my case was chronic dyspepsia and absolutely incurable, as I had suffered twenty-five years. I distributed half a dozen packages among my friends here, who are very anxious to try this remedy." Mrs. R. A. Skeel, Lynnville, Jasper County, Mo.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold everywhere at 50 cents per package. A little book on "Stomach Diseases" mailed free by ad- dressing to P. A. Stuart Company, March.



LADY GAY'S COLUMN.

WHEN you think you know all about anything it is not always wise to unmix it by that you find yourself mistaken. I did think no one could give me any pointers about Niagara, having years ago adored that wonder of the world, and spent good days and large portions of nights studying its varied beauties. With unpatriotic preference I have generally confined my wanderings to the "American" side, and contented myself with gazing with fascinated eyes at the huge marvel of the Horseshoe Fall. It used to be almost all one could do with it, but, guided one day by some beneficent fairy, I meandered, perpendicular or horizontal, as my footing and the ice-encased roadway permitted, into a building just near the Horseshoe Fall, where sundry uniformed officials made it easy for one to descend to the brink of the river and explore the southern base of the Horseshoe. As with the swine in the Bible story, so the devil-eyed maiden, presiding over a ghastly trossseau of mackintoshes and rubbers and capotes. She received me with scornful resignation (I had white kid gloves on!) and commanded, "Take off your hat and jacket. Then she selected which of the funereal water-proofs she thought nearest matched my curves, and approached me with outstretched arms, like a giant bat of great malevolence, and, having selected a garment upon me and hoisted the capote over my pomp, she buckled the band of the garment close round my neck, and, picking up my petticoats with a practised swoop, proceeded to arrange them as one does for the small girls who want to "wade" at the beach. I wasn't reassured when she securely fastened the waterproof to the rainy-day skin line, but she took no notice of my feeble enquiry as to what I should do if it came undone. It was no affair of hers, evidently, and therefore she had neither advice nor opinion to offer me. Having selected a huge pair of rubbers, and when she had hauled them on, I frankly confessed that I was a sight to bring consternation to any timid man's spirit. However, I was led out, and found a bright young guide in olivins, with a dingy lantern, waiting for me. "There's a man coming. We'll wait for him," he remarked. "I finally declined to wait for anyone, so we went out into the light of day, into a wondrous sunlit world, where every twig was triple-cased in glittering ice, and the most exquisite leakage of inches deep, hung from wires, cables, and festoons, in fanciful patterns; where the spray, driven by an east wind, came clouding and misting over us, as we slid and slipped across the road to the rude elevator.

It does not seem possible that a more lovely day has dawned over Niagara than this. The sun, the sun of the sun, the wonder of the fast-fading spray and rainbows were as nothing, however, to the sight when we emerged from the elevator and faced the sombre glory of a world of ice-sheathed rocks, cones of pebbled marble and pillars of soft, cream white, shining, half transparent, and wonderful beyond description. You see nothing at first, but the overhanging cliff but ice, heat, nothing but the soft fall of the water, as you slip and slide and flounder to the bottom of the first tunnel. Then from the back of the ice you turn to the wondrous world of the earth. The guide, swinging the lantern, goes ahead, warning you of this and that, and, as the children of the night which has been and will be done to harness the power of the great cataract. I did not listen, being in a dream of delight with the vision without, which stayed with me while I stepped gingerly after the black figure and the lantern. Our again we came, into more wonders of ice, and in again into a "tunnel" as was a tunnel, and no mistake! The continual leakage of water, and the gradual filling of it up; it narrows and narrows. First I stooped, then I crawled, and at last I wiggled along, being daily hauled up into daylight through a tunnel of ice, but was weary enough to let me pass. At last, with the Horseshoe Fall shooting far out overhead, in comparatively trifling-looking volume, I took my fill of a marvelous loveliness such as I had never hoped to see. Stupendous pillars of cream-tinted ice stood about on the right and on the left. The sun was at high noon, and glinting through the spray above us, had for a moment a quivering rainbow, one base of which trembled over a great ice column, while the other was lost in the spray. I stepped by that ice column, flooded with the radiance of the rainbow, though I could not see the shadow of the rock.

There was a loud boom and crash, like the blasting of rocks, as a huge icicle, melted overhead, came leaping, tearing, tinkling down among the stately, shining pillars and columns within six feet of where we cowered, holding our breath, for it might have just as well come two minutes sooner, when I was posing at the foot of the rainbow, in which case, dear people, there would have been no Lady Gay column ever any more, and I should have instantly fulfilled the letter the example of the swine, and "perished in the waters." That same recklessness which prompted me to bribe the young fisherman on the coast of Antrim to row further and further into the great sea cave, until we were all within hail of death, made me beg the canny guide to take me further round the fascinating ice palace, near the deep chute of the Fall. But he was not to be bribed or wheedled. "You've had enough," he said, very firmly. "It's a good thing you didn't get too much just now." And he propelled me gently but firmly toward that absurd little tunnel, which was bad enough to be pulled out of, but how in creation I was going to be pushed back was a problem to me. Twisting back for one more long, rapturous gaze at the wonderland I was leaving, I solved the problem by shooting down the slope of the ice cone over which we crept, bumping down the foot-rests cut in the ice and arriving in the funnel feet first, and fitting it as neatly as a cork in a bottle. It was simple, but not dignified, and it hurt! A few wriggles, a gentle shove from the guide, and the "slipperiness" of the funnel got me safe through, but it wasn't what you'd call a stately progress, with the mackintosh floating behind me, and every fastening loose!

When we finally reached the second tunnel the queerest looking object I ever beheld made its appearance, crawling round a slippery cone. From under the headpiece of the form came a gurgle of mirth and a rich voice. "The girl made me put on the trousers, because I am so tall, and the coats are so short. Do I look too awful?" It was a woman, this queer shape, with the contour of a feather-legged chicken, the voluminous skirts of her being bunched into an equally voluminous pair of oil-skins and a coat and capote topping her off. Her husband was doubled up with laughter, and I simply sank upon the first cone of ice and shrieked at her as she tolled on her way, her trou-ser spreading in your dishevelled o-war man's, and her prodigious form beautifully silhouetted against the glistening ice. One thing I am certain of—she never got through the funnel! When I arrived, in very dishevelled state in the tiring-room, and the commanding voice of the girl in waiting enquired, "Like it?" I could only say, "Another lady—!" and go off in further hysterics. "Yes, she was funny," said the maiden. "You see, she was too tall, and I just had to," and she joined me in another laugh. "I guess you enjoyed it," she added, and I assured her that it was the most commonplace person in existence! "I'll bet no one else does!" Your birth month brings you under the full influence of Libra, an air sign, also a double sign, suggesting unrest, variability, and caution in your conduct. You are open to influence, and though you scout the notion, mainly through logical, and able study, full of sympathy, taste, and impulse.

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited

17 to 31 King St. East. Toronto. 10 to 16 Colborne St.

The New Silk Waists for Spring.

It is just about settled that Waists of Jap silks and soft taffetas, particularly white, will be worn quite as freely as the better class cotton waists. It is pleasing to note, too, in this connection that prices for silk waists are to be surprisingly low—some real chic styles are here in soft Japs with fine tuckings and insertions of lace at \$3.50; others with back, front and sleeves tucked and lace trimmed, at \$4.50. Then we have four styles in soft taffeta and Japs at \$5—these are prettily finished with tucking and dainty lace. We show Crepe de Chine and Peau de Soie Waists at \$7.50 and \$9; Pongee Waists, with tucking and colored piping, at \$6, and charming Crepe de Chine and Chiffon Waists at \$9 and \$10; worth your while to see our new waist showing in the Cloak Department.

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited

17 to 31 King St. East. Toronto. 10 to 16 Colborne St.

ever beheld made its appearance, crawling round a slippery cone. From under the headpiece of the form came a gurgle of mirth and a rich voice.

June—I married at that age. It is not always wise to put off matrimony until one has formed one's tastes and habits and set up a standard. There is so much mutual concession, forbearance and consideration necessary at any time. The older one is the more of all three is generally required. Your writing shows a happy, thoughtful, and somewhat satisfied ambition. You have a capital temper, bright mentality, but not necessarily vivacious manner. You might easily be a quiet but observant person. You are conscientious and finished in work, and cautious in intercourse with even friends. If I had time I should do a bit on your horoscope, as you give me of your hour of your birth, you always I'm too busy. It is an exceedingly estimable and superior study.

Old Friend—The paper does not pay for such contributions unless from someone already famous and likely to prove a strong attraction on that as well as other points. "Yes, she was funny," said the maiden. "You see, she was too tall, and I just had to," and she joined me in another laugh. "I guess you enjoyed it," she added, and I assured her that it was the most commonplace person in existence! "I'll bet no one else does!" Your birth month brings you under the full influence of Libra, an air sign, also a double sign, suggesting unrest, variability, and caution in your conduct. You are open to influence, and though you scout the notion, mainly through logical, and able study, full of sympathy, taste, and impulse.

Shylock—Neither could I answer them, I'm proud to say. More important and precious things have supplanted them. February first brings you under Aquarius, a water sign, a double one. Aquarius people are often rarely gifted and sometimes careless of their stewardship. You do not seem of that sort. Read during your next hour good novels, good news, good growth familiar (if you are not) with Bible lore, with Shakespeare, with biographies of famous men; dip into some easy scientific subjects, read Tennyson, Byron, Milton, Longfellow; sometimes read the dictionary and study meanings of words with which you are not familiar. Read an encyclopedia, if you can get at it; read Charles Dickens, and get some books on mental science or psychology. I could go on with suggestions for a whole page, but don't know enough of your capacity and culture. Your study suggests youth and inexperience. Finally, February is a capital month to be born in, for its children are naturally more richly endowed than almost any other.

Bliss—The paper which gave you that information was, I assure you, "way off." It is very often so. Thanks for your good wishes. They are bound to help. What a grand time you have had! I, too, had some happy days there nearly two years ago. We certainly have been exuberantly climatic this season, and to-night March comes in like a roaring lion. Some old farmers tell me we shall have an early spring. Won't you please tell me about the adventure? What an excellent developed person you are! I am sure they are all in the town by the tunnel?

White Tory—And so you are tired of hearing your thirteen friends chatter of their babies and their servants? Well, if mine did, I'd sympathize more heartily with you, but I don't seem to know that sort of thing. I'm sure you're tired of about themselves, and sometimes it's no end of interesting. You have a vagrant and vigorous imagination, are clever, dominating, quick and full of relief. Your perception, intuition and observation are all keen, but you lack poise, repose, concentration and patience. You could easily be entertaining, but you lack but you have a good heart and an equally sharp judgment. Power and the love of it are alike strong. You need ballast, but are, I venture to say, well worth the best your friends think of you.

The Only Way—I cannot say yes until I know whether I can really enquire for the momentous date. It might be difficult to make sure of it. However, I'll do my best to allay your thirst for information when you send me particulars as you mentioned. It is an original and somewhat isolated study. Writer has few of the graces of tact and subtlety and would probably be nervous and self-conscious at times. The dominant trait is wanting, but there is a certain independence and capability that wins consideration. There is good sequence of ideas and a soaring ambition shown. You are capable of warm affection and some loyalty.

Kiddle—I suppose the information was late, as expectations were not realized. There was too bad. I only hope you got through, but I have no doubts of you. A.B.M.—It is a fairly good study, somewhat vain, but very canny and discreet, desirous of making a good impression, not too careful of detail, easy-tempered, but a bit selfish. I think rather unfinished as yet. As October later end, as you express it, if later than the 22nd, brings you under Scorpio, a water sign, and capable of splendid development. It

Mary Jane—Oh, you selfish little wretch, you! That is all I have to say to you, except that those brothers have a good deal to answer for. I don't suppose it is any use telling you not to do as you suggest, but if it is I should about it at you. As there is no restoration of heart or any inspiration in your lines, I am at a loss how to say anything to you that is worth while.

Nigger—June 17th brings you under Gemini, a double sign, and apt to give you considerable trouble in harmonizing. There is love of power and a rather firm purpose in your lines, variable temperament and not a great deal of ambition. Some self-will and rather a decent temper. Your writing is not really fit for delineation, as it is not at all fully formed. You have yet a great deal to

Results from common soaps: eczema, coarse hands, ragged clothes, shrunken flannels. SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE. Ask for the Octagon Box.

has some deviousness and not always truthfulness, great power and often great gifts. I merely sketch this over for you as your data is rather vague. I like the persistent turn of your thought. You may wiggle but you kept on to a finish.

Patricia—You can get anything of the sort done at the Woman's Depository, King west, opposite the Princess Theater. Be very particular in giving exact measurements or don't scold if mistakes are made. Glad to be of use. I assure you. No, I did not hear Patti. I have put Patti, Irving, Grossmith and one or two others in their urns on the back shelf, to be taken down never more. Quite right about Blind Tom; he must be a very old Tom by this time. How many years since I saw and heard him first? Ask me something modern.

Denny's Own—How dear of you to write, and thanks many for the enclosure. It is most interesting, and I dare say will be inserted elsewhere. "Saturday Night" goes to a good many queer places, but your surely caps the climax. Here's good luck to you, stranger, and a speedy return to civilization—that is, if you want it, which I don't half believe.

Ups and Downs.

Since I've sworn off I've deeply felt, sir, what uphill work 'tis drinking seitzer. But that just makes me know what whisky and downhill work 'twas drinking whiskey!

Willie—Mamma, can I go to bed half an hour earlier to-night? Mrs. Lewison.—What for? "I want to say my prayers ahead for a week."

CLARK'S LUNCH TONGUE

Ready to serve.

These delicious small tongues are somewhat cheaper than ox tongues and could not be more juicy and tasty.

Clark's name guarantees their quality.

W. CLARK, MFR. MONTREAL.

Snow White

Windsor Salt is as pure and as white as driven snow. There are no impurities or black specks in it—it is all salt. You hear this everywhere, "As pure and white as Windsor Salt—snow white."

Windsor Salt

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED

BREWERS and MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated...

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extra of Malt and Hops.

Women of East and West.

NEW YORKERS—unless it is part of their business—are not readers. I know few women—and hardly any men—whose reading goes much further than the daily paper and a few popular novels. The great student class lies outside and beyond this. What I refer to is the average, educated man and woman that you sit next to at dinner, and most at your best friend's at tea time. Unless they have special affiliations with the book world, it is as foreign to them as is the country that extends west of Chicago.

I must confess that I have rather a dread of that determined, unquenchable ardor for culture which ravages portions of the West. It is a terrifying experience to have some fresh-faced, amiable-looking lady in beautiful clothes get you into a corner and ask you your opinion of Maeterlinck and the true symbolic meaning of the character of Kundry. The same sort of person in this section of the republic knows nothing about either, and is rather pleased than otherwise with her ignorance. But worse even than this is the person who wants to talk "literary talk" with you, and when you try to break away to cheerful, frivolous subjects, asks you sternly if you did not find the construction of Mr. Jones's new novel faulty and the style at times a little reminiscent of Meredith.

This type is rare in New York. I am afraid to confess that I think the women of society here are extraordinarily ignorant, astonishingly deficient in education, and unusually rich in natural brightness. There is a deal of talk about education, but where it is not seriously understood by girls who come of studious families, or who will have to support themselves later on, the results are almost ridiculous. A year or two ago I was thrown for a space of time among several young girls, the children of rich parents of high social position. They were in the end of their teens, just finishing their last terms at school, and to say that all were ignorant, and that some were frankly illiterate is not stating the case too strongly. It was really astonishing that, after the years they had been at school and the money that had been spent on them, they could have absorbed so little.

The ideals of female education here, and the ideals in the West, are entirely different. The New York woman is trained on much more old-fashioned lines. The purpose of her education is to add to her attractive powers, and fit her, not for a struggle with men for mental supremacy, but for any social position to which she may be called. It is looked to that she has good manners and a pretty voice. Hundreds of rich New Yorkers employ English ladies to walk and talk with their daughters after school hours, so that the little girls may learn the English manner of speech and intonation, which is admittedly prettier than the American. They are taught to speak at least one language besides English, and though they may not be able to spell in their own tongue, they can hold a fluent conversation in French. They know something of art, for they are taken to all the great exhibitions, and they grow up with quite an enviable acquaintance with operatic music, one of their tasks being to attend the matinee performances of the opera.

Girls educated in this manner grow up with great social adaptability, graceful manners, and a capacity to talk on a variety of current topics. They know nothing thoroughly, and it is not desired that they should. What finishing touches are added as they develop into women come from traveling in Europe and mingling socially with the European connections which they nearly all have. Where they show the natural brightness of the American is that they are never dull, heavy, or tiresome. I am of the opinion that New York women of this class are among the most amusing and attractive in the world. They may not know anything, and they may never read, but the one unpardonable sin (where a woman is concerned) they never commit—they do not bore you. They are the youngest to the oldest, they are masters of that most important branch of a woman's work in the world—they cheer and amuse.

The Western manner of education is much more advanced, more serious and more thorough. Its aim is quite a different one; not to render the women more seductive and ornamental, but solely and only to develop her mentally. It is the same principle that makes the female doctor and the female lawyer more successful out there than they are in this section of the country. Whether it is her higher education, or whether it is the lack of leisurely social life among her forefathers, the Western woman is not so bright, so adroit with her tongue, or so engagingly humorous and sparklingly general as the Eastern. She knows a good deal more, reads twice as much, has by far the better mind of the two, but when it comes to being witty, pliant, dainty and coquettish, her Eastern rival is unquestionably on top of the heap.

GERALDINE BONNER.

A Wedding at Westminster.

LADY GRIZEL COCHRANE, eldest daughter of the Earl of Dundonald, wishes her marriage to the Hon. Ralph Hamilton, Master of Belhaven, to take place in Westminster Abbey. But she has committed the fatal mistake of giving reason for her claim. She says that an ancestor, one of the Earls of Dundonald, lies buried in the Abbey. Strictly speaking, only those who live within the precincts or have been buried there are entitled to a place in the church. The last wedding which took place in the Abbey was that of Canon Hensley Henson to Miss Dennistoun of Dennistoun in the October of 1902.

Of course, there have been many exceptions to the "rule." Lady Peggy Primrose, Lord Rosebery's daughter, was married there. So were Sir Henry Stanley and Miss Dorothy Tennant. Lady Evelyn Campbell, one of the late Duke of Argyll's daughters, was married in the Abbey; and it is yet remembered how, far away in the West, one gray November day was rendered wonderful by the marriage there of the two youngest daughters of the Duke of Abercorn—Lady Aliberta and Lady Maude.

They were married, as are royal brides, in full evening dress, with court trains and feathers and veils. The two bridegrooms were marquises—one in his own right, the other by courtesy of a dukedom. The misty aisles of the Abbey, ghostly with emblems and memories of the dead, were transformed that day. The winter sun shone out long enough, at least, for luck; and the Abbey bells swung overhead in a merry wedding-peal. One of those marriages turned out sadly enough, but the other is ideally prosperous.

Lady Grizel is a sweet and pretty enough to win very sincere good wishes for her happiness on her wedding, be it in Westminster or some humbler place. Her small brother, the Hon. "Robin" Cochrane, a splendidly handsome boy, is much interested in the



A Man is Only as Old as He Feels.

Some people are always young—in spirit and vigor. The man who feels his age is the man who neglects his stomach and liver. As the years pile up the delicate organisms grow weaker.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

strengthens the system to resist the added strain. A perfect laxative—it removes all poison from the system. Purifies and enriches the blood. It keeps the liver and kidneys active. Abbey's possesses the rare quality of being a bowel and stomach tonic, without any re-actionary effects.

At all Druggists 25c. and 60c.

preparations for the event. He is his father's own son, full of determination and military ardor. His chief grief just now is that the miniature uniform of the Second Life Guards, which he proudly wore a year or two ago, is too tight for him. He considers himself far too big for a page's dress. "Unless it is really a page, a royal one, you know, those silks and satins are a trifle ridiculous." Perhaps he is right.—"Modern Society."

March Number Four-Track News.

An interesting magazine. Only 5 cents, any newsdealer.

Bill Brown, Boy.

HE was by no means a pretty boy. Nature had been unfair to his face, but his eyes sparkled and he was clean. It is difficult to go behind such returns as these. He observed a "Boy Wanted" sign in a store window and entered the place. The proprietor, a kindly man named Rouen, sat at a big desk in the corner. Him the boy approached fearfully, and carefully. He took off his cap, and waited for the man to look up. "The man saw the interrogation points in the boy's eyes."

"Good morning," he said pleasantly, as if inviting to confidence. "Good morning, sir," responded the boy. "I see a notice in your—"

"You seen?" interrupted the man with a pronounced accent on the "seen."

"Yes, sir, I seen a notice."

"Is 'seen' correct?" asked the man. "Correct enough for me, sir," said the boy. "Now, if I was pulling twenty-five per week out of the business, I might talk different. But you see I ain't. Even if I was pulling four per, I might say 'saw,' but what's the good of being particular on nothing a week and find yourself?"

The man smiled. He could not help it. He had not heard that sort of argument previously.

"But," he said, "when you are out of a job you ought to make the best impression you can in order to get one."

"Well, I don't know about that. I know boys that make believe they are angels till they catch on, and when you go to look for their wings I guess they ain't there."

"I ain't much to start with, but I'm a bird when I get going on. Your sign says you want a boy. What's the matter with me?" and the boy's face showed his eagerness for the place.

"What is your name?"

"Brown—Bill Brown."

The man's face dropped several degrees. Very evidently he was not pleased.

"Bill Brown—Bill Brown," he repeated to himself.

"That's it. You've got it all right," said the boy.

"But I don't like it."

"Oh, there's more to it than that. You see it is William Walsford Brown. But how does a name like that fit on a boy with four dollars a week?"

"Now if I was pulling twenty-five—"

"Doesn't your mother call you Willie?" enquired the man gently.

"Not if I can help it," said the boy with scorn. "Do I look like a Willie?"

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"What is your name?"

"Brown—Bill Brown."

The man's face dropped several degrees. Very evidently he was not pleased.

"Bill Brown—Bill Brown," he repeated to himself.

"That's it. You've got it all right," said the boy.

easy do four dollars' worth, but if you only want three, three's what you'll get."

The man coughed and hesitated a moment.

"Of course, if you show you are worth four dollars, we will give it to you," he said.

"All right again," said Bill. "But I can't give you a four-dollar sample for longer than one week."

The man scribbled a while on a sheet of paper.

"Very well," he said. "You come around to-morrow morning and begin."

"What's the matter with beginning now? You may think I've got on my glad rags, and have to go home to change them, but I haven't. I'm ready right now."

"Now suits me," said the man, and he called a foreman. He gave him some instructions about the boy, and Bill Brown went out with him, stepping high and his eyes shining.

When he had disappeared the man took the sign out of the window and tore it up. Bill Brown had come to stay. W. J. Lampton in Chicago "Record-Herald."

Nothing I Eat Agrees With Me.

That is the cry of thousands of people who can find relief and a permanent cure in Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

"Nothing I ate would agree with me."

That was the deplorable condition Julia Sandburg of 221 John street north, Hamilton, Ont. There are thousands of others in the same unhappy state, and to these she sends a message:

"I bought one box of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. After taking part of the box I found relief, and after taking the whole box I was cured and am still cured."

The way of escape is simple. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are especially prepared for building up run-down stomachs. They do the digesting, the stomach gets a rest. In a short time it is strong and healthy and ready to do its regular work.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets bring quick relief and sure cure. They are easy to carry, easy to take and make life easy for those who take them. One or two taken after eating is an insurance policy against discomfort.

A Stolen Treasure.

IN these days of treasure seeking it is odd that enterprising heads have not conceived the idea of hunting for some of the treasure which can be proved to exist; and if one only knew where to locate it, fame as well as fortune would be secured. To mention one instance, there is the property stolen from Mme. du Barri in 1791, valued at tens of thousands of pounds.

The inventory of the jewels was like a page torn from the "Arabian Nights." Grandiose set with diamonds, diamond earrings weighing 100 grains each, bracelets set with twenty-four large diamonds and rubies; a necklace with a clasp in diamonds above; bandeaux of diamonds, shoe-buckles of rubies, and shoe-buckles set with bouffettes, the center diamonds in each weighing twenty grains. And these are only a few of the items.

Thieves broke into the Countess's chateau at Louveciennes, and carried off this spoil. They were traced to London, where they offered a diamond for sale, asking about a third of its value. The jeweler bought it, and enquired if they had others. They brought him twenty stones, which he purchased for £1,500, and then he went to inform the Lord Mayor of the find.

The thieves were arrested, and information sent to Mme. de Barri, who had notified her loss in all the large towns of Europe. She took her own jeweler with her, and named Rouen, and they identified most of the spoil, Rouen pointing out much of his own work in the settings.

But the London lawyers did not think themselves authorized to deliver the jewels. There were complex formalities to go through, and the unfortunate lady, after fighting the question for three or four months in the courts, had to return to Paris without them.

The jewels were enclosed in a strong box, sealed with the municipal seal, and deposited with Messrs. Ransom, Morland & Co., the bankers in "Pall Mall street," opposite to Marlborough House, "and the receipt for the box was signed by (among others) Lord Queensberry, who undertook to keep it in safe custody until a definite conclusion had been reached."

After some time the Countess returned to England, taking up her residence in Bruton street. She interested many great people in her cause, Pitt among them, but she did not get the diamonds. Events were marching rapidly in France. The Revolution broke out. Mme. du Barri, unlucky for herself, hastened home to look after her property. In London she found the box was between England and France. The mistress of Louis XV., the absorber of so much of the wealth of France, was seized upon by the people, who were raging wildly against anything and everything which had connection with royalty. Her visits to London were made the pretext for her arrest, and her condemnation was a foregone conclusion. Scotland Yard indeed could make strenuous efforts to trace that glittering mass of treasure once stolen from Louveciennes. But that sealed box, with its jewels valued at £50,000, lived in the pockets of the Countess. It is still lying in the banker's vaults at "Pall Mall, a Londres, en face la Maison Malbroux."—"Modern Society."

A Fine Magazine.

Just out, the "Four-Track News" for March. Only 5 cents, any newsdealer.

Lang and Ade.

Mr. Lang has been passing lately through a strange experience. He has been reading the "Fables in Slang" of Mr. George Ade. The book, he says, "was presented to me by a scholar of mine, and I was struck by the philosophical knowledge," but he protests that while "the volumes are almost certainly written with a conscientious and laudable desire to be honest, and in the Eastern mind, they produce a black melancholy," and he labors in vain to see the point. "We shall know when we are dead," he says, quoting an Australian philosopher. "It is a story which we die we shall know."

But, he adds, "it is not my design to go to Chicago in this present state of being, and, if I know myself, only a very powerful medium indeed could summon me thither from the next world." He closes in this despairing vein:

"It has cost me some fever of the brow and much toilsome reading to pick out the philosophical gems from this incomparably tedious pair of volumes. To 'play shirtwaist man' is one of these mysterious phrases. Looking at the whole composition one feels as one does in the presence of a Hittite or

Iberian or Aztec inscription. It may be full of interesting matter, but nobody can decipher it. And so there must, after all, be humor in those messages of Mr. Ade's books, which convey no meaning at all to persons not educated in the State of Illinois. A work named 'The Montrose Humorists' has been cited as its cryptic in its wit, but a Caledonian, perhaps, might pick a few plums out of the mass. In the same way 'Fables in Slang' may entertain the dwellers in Chicago, and it takes all sorts to appreciate all jokes."

A Famous Society.

The closing decades of the last century comprehended the palmy period of a distinguished little society in London which might have been described as a club for the teachers and preachers of their age, secular or religious. Such, indeed, was the Metaphysical Society. Its organizing spirit had perhaps been James Knowles, if it was not, among his associates were M. Ludlow and Thomas Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays." Afterward R. H. Hutton's mental master would have been recognized by him in his brother member of the Metaphysical Society, James Martineau.

The great incidents in its proceedings at this time were the high speculative arguments, wherein different views were taken by teachers of their generation so mutually opposed and so individually distinguished as Manning and Martineau; upon very rare occasions, it was by Gladstone, Browning, and I rather think, once or twice by Tennyson himself.

The extraordinary magnanimity exercised by Martineau over his personal following was perceptible in his manner with casual acquaintances. As such, it was realized very many years ago by the present writer when, as an exceedingly young man fresh from college, he was concerned in preparing some examination questions, in which his venerable seniors, Maurice and Martineau, with one or two more, were to have a voice.—T. H. S. Escott in "Chambers's."

"Like as we Lie."

The editor of the "Spatchcock" requests us to give prominence to the following:

THE "SPATCHCOCK" GREAT NEW COMPETITION.

£1,000—ONE THOUSAND POUNDS.

It gives us great pleasure to announce that, fresh from our recent competition triumphs, we have prepared a new contest which we believe will surpass anything ever previously placed before the public.

We offer, then, the sum of One Thousand Pounds to the person who can tell

THE BIGGEST LIE

with reference to any subject which the competitor may select.

N.B.—No member of our staff will be permitted to compete.

NO COUPON IS REQUIRED,

but every attempt must be accompanied by a cutting from the fiscal statistics which appear in our columns.

You may possibly imagine that you have as little chance in such a competition as the late George Washington. Do not be discouraged. Look around you. Study our Japanese intelligence. Read Mr. Crosland on Woman. Ponder the anecdotes of your American friends. You will get a hint somewhere. Then Tell Your Lie.

A Competitor may send in any number of lies, but if, having sent in his first lie, he wishes to Tell Another, he must forward a second cutting—"Punch."

Come, Gentle Spring.

(After Walt Whitman.)

Come, gentle spring, or any other kind of spring. In fact, we wouldn't mind a rough.

On winter, and we don't care who knows it.

The season doesn't come within forty miles of making a hit.

With us.

Any time it comes around with a chip on its shoulder.

And if it gets colder.

Or in other ways tries to get gay.

We will meet it more than half way.

But you, gentle spring.

Can have anything.

We have in the shop.

Don't stop.

To ask if it is too good to be true.

Help yourself. The best is none too good for you. —"Wayside Tales."

An Oriental Jest.

The Sahabzada Nasir Ali Khan is a graduate of the University of Oxford, and at a supper party given recently in his honor the talk turned upon the subject of cheating and deception, and thereupon the young man said: "I suppose that our old Rampur story of the cheating sweetmeat vendor is a new here? It is a story with a good moral, and therefore I will tell it to you."

"There lived in Rampur a vendor of sweetmeats named Bahram, whose wife had weak eyes. One day this

man went to see a friend at the bazaar, and he left his stall in the woman's charge. 'Be careful, mind you, about the change,' he said to her. But nevertheless, when he returned home, he found that she had taken in a bad rupee piece. He could hardly sleep that night for rage and sorrow. In the morning he arose early, and determined to get rid of the bad rupee, he set out through the town. Soon he met a boy.

"Boy," he said, "do you know the sweetmeat shop of Ali?" (Ali was a rival vendor.) "Well, take this rupee, go to Ali's shop, and spend a piece for sweetmeats there. The sweetmeats you may keep—I want the change."

"The boy departed merrily, and in a little while returned with his mouth full.

"So you got the change without trouble, eh?" said the man, as he counted it. "And did Ali make no examination of the rupee?"

"Oh," said the boy, "I didn't go as far as Ali's. I got the sweetmeats at Bahram's shop."

Vandyke was instructing in the first principles of art.

"It is very easy," he declared: "you simply paint the country green and the town red."

With a tug at his patented beard he congratulated himself on the clearness of his formula.—New York "Times."

Modern medicinal science has agreed that natural remedial agents are most efficacious when properly applied. The "St. Catharines Well" is one of Nature's boons to tired humanity. At "The Welland" will be found an ideal resort for the tired brain worker, or the sufferer from the ills of life. Sun parlors, roof promenade and beautiful surroundings. Before going south to expensive resorts secure a booklet from "The Welland," St. Catharines, or G. T. Bell, general passenger agent of Grand Trunk Railway, Montreal, Que.

4-50 P. M. Buffalo Express.

Is the popular train from Toronto: arrives Buffalo 8 p.m. Cafe parlor car and modern coaches. Direct connection for Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and the South. Grand Trunk city office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets.

Bright, Entertaining and Instructive.

The "Four-Track News" for March. Only 5 cents, at nearest newsdealer's.

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In FERROL

—the Oil does not nauseate.

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Those who have heretofore found Cod Liver Oil difficult to take and iron hard to digest, are recommended to try FERROL. They will find that all difficulties have disappeared.

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Brewery Purity.

The outward general appearance of a brewery is a indication of the methods used within.

Carling's is a guarantee of purity, tidiness and always well kept—no taints, no musty corners, dusty shelves, no uncleanliness to be seen, as in common breweries.

The plant is a perfect system of cold storage, modern for cleaning bottles and kegs, and a large number of skilled men devote their entire time to keeping everything spot and span.

Ask for Carling's Ale—accept no other, because no other is quite so good.

Carling's Ale

The Ale that's Always Pure



A perfect complexion

depends on delicacy of skin, which is conferred by

'DARTRING' LANOLINE

No imitation can bear the 'Dartring'. No imitation can be called 'Dartring'.

'DARTRING' TOILET 'LANOLINE' in collapsible tubes.

'DARTRING' LANOLINE' TOILET SOAP.

Welton—Feb. 28, Toronto, Daniel Morse
Welton, aged 72 years.
Carter—March 2, Nassau, Edward T. Car-
ter, aged 66 years.